HAMMAR HAMES PLEASURE & PROFIX FOR

Vol. II. No. 44.

BEADLE AND COMPANY, PUBLISHERS, 98 William Street.

NEW YORK, JANUARY 14, 1871.

TERMS: \$2.50 per Annum, in advance. \$1.25 for Six Months.

Price 5 Cents.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1870, by BEADLE AND COMPANY, in the office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.



"HALLO!-KEEP STILL-STILL AS THE GRAVE, MYRA; I HEAR, HA! HERE THEY COME!"

THE COLLEGE RIVALS;

BY DR. WM. MASON TURNER,

Author of "\$50,000 Reward. A Romance of a Ruby Ring," "Mabel Vane," "The Masked Miner."

CHAPTER I.

JEALOUSY. small, daintily fitting boot on the broad | the ways and wiles of womankind. But he | eyes did not for a moment leave the young | Here and there, flaring street-lamps | marble step of the aristocratic mansion- | quickly recovered himself, as, smiling sweet- | man's face. one of the proudest on Prospect street—and | ly, he bowed his head, with its mass of | It was plain that a new train of thought | most part, a leaden gloom settled over every | and completely unconcerned. shivered as he drew his wide loose cape | raven hair. | was passing in Myra Hoxley's bosom. around him. For the raw winter wind of But that singular expression which came | "No, Myra; I will go. It will be my first | It was a night in which people love to and the manufacturer's daughter half turned was cold and searching, and he had rung | contempt?

silver pull, and again he heard distinctly the pecting. far-away tinkle of the warning bell.

"Ah! it is you, Mr. Thorne! Walk in, | pretty name, too!" the youth, as he entered the comfortable eyes: hall, and turned into the elegant, dimly-lit | "That's right, Fenton," she said, in a low, But glancing at her, he asked quickly:

parlor. He was perfectly at home.

Hoxley about the same thing. Please tell ton?" asked the girl, quickly.

her so, Mary." while Fenton Thorne unbuttoned his closely | says she is very handsome."

fitting frock-coat, and strode briskly up and These words were spoken most artlessly. "I told him I had an engagement with too! Confound the obstinate fellow! He blood. down the thick-carpeted room, rubbing his | Myra Hoxley started and glanced at the | you, Fenton, and that I would not break | might have staid, for he can easily fib to old | But she controlled herself and walked benumbed fingers the while, to bring back | speaker; but she controlled herself, and sim- | it," replied the girl, frankly, gazing him | 'Cax.' As it is, unless the open door, and | steadily on. circulation and warmth. ply ejaculated:

tion, "I will go with Myra to this ball! I'll "Why you, yourself, said that she was resistible charm in the girl's insinuating a wind! And yet, there are some people run the risk of being caught out of my room | magnificent! Then, too, Stephen Smith, | manner that made young Thorne look up | who don't heed it-don't-" at college; it will be the first time. I am | my chum, swears she-" desirous of seeing this wondrous beauty, "Stephen Smith! Tut! The ungainly gerly. Madeleine Fleming, of whom good old Steve | backwoodsman!" speaks so much. She must be pretty and | "No, no, Myra," and the young man | pelled from college for it!" like her, if-"

dress. The door opened, and the tall, slender | -fair and amiable? I do not know of | means-" form of Myra Hoxley, the rich manufac- | course, never having seen her." turer's daughter, clad in an elegant afternoon | The collegian spoke more softly, more in- | shall be my escort," and again a triumphant | the old merchant, glowed in brilliant illumineglige, entered the room. She stepped at | sinuatingly, as if inviting a confidence. once to the window, and flung open the half- The manufacturer's daughter paused be-

snow-racks, scudding across the sky. "You are in the dark, Fenton," she said, pretty; I have thought so, but-" was a ready thinker, and pondered at cheer? turning toward the young man, at the same | "You no longer have the same opinion, | nothing long. time extending her small, nervous white eh, Myra?" interrupted the young man, "I suppose, Fenton," she said, slyly, "you the year 1853, was the birth-night of the aphand cordially. "Be seated, my friend, and | laughing. don't be stamping around the room like a "I did not say so, Fenton. But a truce leine Fleming's beau?" seventeenth birthday—and the old father Had Myra Hoxley searched her own heart, soldier on guard. 'Twas too bad in Mary to this nonsense! You shall see and judge Woo, indeed! I did not know it, Myra," intended to celebrate the event with a hap-at that moment, she would have known that to keep you out until you were so entirely for yourself," she answered. she only wished her lips had been wet with frozen!" and she laughed merrily as she "True, Myra; seeing is believing. But, excuse me-Myra, if rumor speak truly, he Madeleine Fleming was the joy and pride the poison of asps.

"I am warm enough now," Miss Myra,

in this house," and she flashed over him a | Would it be wise to barter it away for a few | the deserted thoroughfare, and fled away | the chandelier, they were approached by two

radiant, yet half-reproachful look.

The young man colored, despite himself; empty ball?" THE tall young gentleman stamped his | he was but a youth, and not well versed in | The girl spoke very seriously, and her | the Narraganset.

the declining December afternoon, which over Fenton Thorne's face as his head went offense, and I fancy the Regent will not be stick by home and fireside, and devoutly from her cousin to meet, to her, the no less tossed his long, dark hair so wildly about, | down! Was it expressive of distrust, or | 'hard' on me. I can plead ignorance, too; | thank Heaven that a roof above them, and | disagreeable, but far more respectful greet-

It were difficult to answer; and then the spoke cheerfully.

At length, hasty steps sounded in the face was frank and friendly, as he said: hall, the bolt turned, and the doors opened. "Well, well, Myra then! And-it is a never induce you, Fenton, to break them, the hour was quite early.

"I am so sorry, Mr. Thorne, I kept you always know you as Fenton. I like it." | will you do for an escort?" | were doing neither; most probably this waiting," said the girl, taking his cape and | For a few moments there was a silence, | "That is easily arranged, Fenton. My | perhaps was the truth. light check-silk cap. "I thought Tom, the | which, however, was broken by the student. | cousin, Mr. Ralph Ross, of the Junior class, | Eight o'clock had just sounded from a

"Yes; I could not resist the temptation. Mr. Ross?" "Yes, sir," and the girl left the room, I am anxious to see Miss Fleming; rumor | The student was just a little nervous as he | "Well, I'm off, at all events!" he muttered, her short under lip, until the sharp, pearl-

if determined upon a certain course of ac- | was pretty?" | That's all! Whew! What a storm! What |

asked the girl, earnestly; "you know the Fenton?" she asked.

I am only a Freshman, you know." He | thick walls around them, keep out the wild, | ing of Stephen Smith.

Again he applied his gloved hand to the | youth was so open, so innocent and unsus- "True; nor had I forgotten it. But, | Alas! for the houseless, the homeless, the | as the group lingered there for a moment; Freshman or Senior, the rules are unmis- thin-clad, the outcast, on such a night! However, when he raised his head, his takably the same. That you understand Despite the intense darkness which glow- creature in whose honor the ball was given. them well, I know to my sorrow; for I could | ered down on this old New England city, |

even for a single evening!" sir, if you please," said the girl, respectfully. The girl's face mantled just the slightest; Myra spoke sarcastically. "It is I, certainly, Mary, and right glad | but a look of unmistakable satisfaction, nay | The student felt the truth of her words; | windows of University Hall and Hope Col- | muttered, in a loud whisper of undisguised am I to get in, for I am half-frozen," replied of triumph, shot from her dark, lustrous his face became beclouded, and a look of lege, showed that the noisy students were admiration.

lazy fellow, had answered the bell. I was | "I called, Miss-I mean Myra-to see | you know, has already called, and notified | neighboring belfry, when from the southernup in Miss Myra's room, fixing her hair for about this ball at Mr. Fleming's, and to learn me of his attention and service. He does most door of University Hall, fronting Col- expression; she had felt the sudden tremor your arrangements." not 'room' in college, as you are aware, and | lege street, a closely-muffled form stole si-"Ah! so soon? I am here to see Miss | "You have determined, then, to go, Fen- | can come and go as suits him." | lently out, and hurried away in the storm. "True, Myra; and what did you say to The form was that of a man, and as he lian's warning whisper. An angry, envious

asked the question. glancing back; "and Steve will be there, like tooth had almost found the coursing

so quickly, and reply so earnestly and ea- The rest of the student's mutterings was wise, on other ears than those of the impet-

says so! And yet, Myra does not seem to | man; far from it. He is a real gentleman, | and she sunk her voice into a low, musical | once and took his way up Prospect street. rying feet down the broad stairway; then | young lady was evidently angry or vexed, at | it give you pleasure to go with me, Fenton?" | ley, the manufacturer's daughter. came the crush and rustle of a sweeping least, "is not the young lady-Miss Fleming least," is not the young lady-Miss Fleming least, "is not the salutation of the student, she start-

fire flashed from the dark orbs of the girl. | nation from top to bottom.

closed shutters, letting in the straggling sun- fore she answered; and the half-frown un- knew how; in fact, the only way he could. | rich old tea-merchant for the straggling sunlight, fast disappearing behind the heavy wrinkled itself, and left the white forehead. | Myra patted the carpet slightly with her | when within his royal residence there was | though to Stephen Smith she cordially held "Some people say Madeleine Fleming is slippered foot. She was pondering; but she such a surfeit of richness, abundance and out her ungloved right hand; and she kiss-

the collegian, not knowing what else to with their cheery light.

"False as ever falsehood was!" was the prompt, impulsive answer. Ross, although he is your cousin."

"Is that all?" "Is not that enough, Myra? I tell you," one-half of the elite of Providence were he continued, energetically, "no woman there. would be made happy by wedding with Diamonds flashed, rubies twinkled, and such as Ralph Ross. He is a knave—I beg | gorgeous dresses shone beneath the bright pardon, Myra!"

"There's no need, Fenton; but, do not let Mr. Ross hear you say such a thing of him." her proud father, in the center of the room, glad he is not your beau, and sorry he stands | was the cynosure of all eyes. in that relation to Miss Fleming. But, now, | Well might she be. Tall, elegantly form-I must go," and as he spoke he arose, ed, rounded, active and graceful, modest, yet though the girl endeavored, ineffectually, to | bashfully self-possessed; her clear, pearly

the answer.

"Never fear; I'll be here. Good-by." "Good-by, Fenton." shoulders, bowed himself out, and left the | rattled away to more congenial quarters. mansion. Turning to the left, he strode | Suddenly a fresh batch of guests arrived, quickly back toward the old college on the | crowding their way into the densely-packed

on the broad step at the front door, where lier. she had said adieu to the collegian. Her | Myra Hoxley, arrayed in all the splendor nervous left hand clutched at the bell-pull. | and glitter which an almost unlimited com-She did not regard the cutting blast which | mand of money could give her, stood there, hurried along the almost deserted street and | leaning on the arm of Fenton Thorne, the struck her slender form. She was watching | young collegian. the tall figure of Fenton Thorne, the Fresh- | The student's cheek was aglow with ex-

She loved the student. Then, at last, as she turned slowly about, his large, brown eyes sparkled, as he glanced and reluctantly closed the heavy walnut around him. door, a cloud was on her dead-white brow,

Myra Hoxley was jealous.

CHAPTER II.

LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT.

good city of Providence, but such a night! The sky was inky-black, and scurrying | particular night; and she did it. squadrons of fleecy snow whirled through hours of questionable pleasure at a giddy, like gray demons of darkness out over the gentlemen, from different quarters of the | slowly-tossing, slowly-congealing waters of | room. They were arrayed in the hight of

flung their distorted beams; but, for the Ross, a short, burly man, rather abruptly,

wintry weather.

The bright lights, sparkling and glowing he paused involuntarily.

steadily out on the night, from the many disappointment crept over his fine features. within doors, may hap poring over algebraic abstrusities, and delving deep into | though I'll not contradict your assertion," insinuating voice; "call me Myra, and I'll "But, Myra, if I do not go with you what | Greek and Latin derivatives. Perhaps they | whispered Stephen Smith, who stood close

reached the large iron gate he paused. full in the face. the numerous books scattered lavishly about, "Yes, yes!" muttered the young man, as Ah! And who said Madeleine Fleming Was there, indeed, a witchery about those will fool the good old man, we'll catch it,

carried away by the mad blasts, which tore | uous, jealous Myra and Stephen Smith.

smart, and amiable, and all that, if Steve spoke warmly. "Steve is no backwoods- "The Fates forbid such a result! But," around him well, the young man turned at his mind a vow of hate against him who had a perfect cavalier, and a good, whole souled | whisper, as her eyes fell languishingly upon | Fenton Thorne was on his way to keep At this moment there was a patter of hur- fellow. But," he continued, seeing that the the fair, youthful face of the student, "does his engagement with the stately Myra Hox-

Fenton Thorne had answered the best he And why should it not? What cared the

This eventful December night, the 18th, of and freedom. are aware that my cousin, Ralph, is Made- ple of his eye, his daughter, Madeleine-her the lips of the manufacturer's daughter.

this celebration to be observed—was to excel and I am pleased to welcome his son at my Why, Fenton, I thought I stand you have taken, the fair name you why, I did not know, Myra; and Steve in splendor every previous similar occasion. house.

"No more of this Steve to me! He knows | had been rolling up to the broad gateway, nothing of me soever, and I don't like him! from an early hour of the evening; and flitting forms, in satins, silks and tarletons, had "Then the rumor is false, Myra?" asked | darted hurriedly to the ample hall-doors

It was now near ten o'clock. The large parlor shone resplendently under the two huge chandeliers, which flung "Then, Myra, I am indeed glad to hear | their brilliant radiance over the room. Alit—" the girl started joyfully. "For," con- | ready there was crush and a jam, the large tinued the student, "I do not like Ralph | apartment, in fact, being uncomfortably filled; for Arthur Fleming did nothing by halves. He had slighted none, and certainly

Madeleine Fleming, as she stood beside "Well, well, enough of him, Myra. I am | receiving the congratulations of her friends,

cheeks at one time sporting the natural tints "What time shall I call for you, Myra?" of health and high spirits; at another, suf-"At nine o'clock; and don't fail me," was | fused and crimsoning, as she bowed to the warm congratulations of some ardent masculine admirer.

Still the pressing throng crowded in, and The student flung his long cape over his | carriages emptied their precious loads, and

room. Slowly they proceeded, and at last Myra Hoxley, queenly and proud, stood | stood beneath the full glare of the chande-

> citement. His rich raven hair was flung back so that it fell over his shoulders, and

And Myra, her midnight tresses gathered and a vindictive fire glistened in her dark | away from her pale, thin face and forehead, in heavy coils, sparkling with precious stones, her piercing, jet-black eyes flashing

around her, looked a very queen of pride and scorn. Myra Hoxley knew well the dazzling beauty of Madeleine Fleming, and she had reason to fear that Fenton Thorne would THE mantle of night had fallen upon the | not prove insensible to it. It behooved her to make a grand appearance herself on this

As the two stood for a moment, beneath fashion. As they drew near, they bowed. "How fare you, cousin?" asked Ralph

"Well, quite well, thank you, Ralph,"

A few common-place remarks were passed, then they turned toward the fair young As Fenton Thorne's gaze fell on the dazzling face and figure of Madeleine Fleming.

"Good heavens! How beautiful!" he

"'Sh! 'sh! Fent., my boy! Not so loud,

The Freshman started slightly, and, without remark, moved on.

Myra Hoxley had heard that unguarded of the strong arm, on which she was leaning, and she had heard, too, the Kentuckthrill shot through her bosom, and she bit

CHAPTER III.

SHINE AND SHADOW.

FENTON THORNE'S words had fallen, like-Ralph Ross had recorded each syllable in

given such utterance to his thoughts. But, in another moment, the party stood before the old merchant and his daughter. As Madeleine lifted her soft hazel eyes to

ing winds whirling battalions of snow, the ed, her face colored, and she cast down her "Enough, Fenton! We'll go, and you princely mansion of Arthur Fleming, Esq., gaze. There was a wild flutter at the maiden's heart, as the collegian's mellow tones fell on her ear. She knew not what she said in reply, and

ed the queenly Myra, with a sister's warmth

flung herself on a yielding sofa, and beckon- now about our arrangements. You see I is your beau," and the student blushed up to of the old man's life; she was the bright "Thorne, Thorne! I've heard of you, my sun, which ever cast its warm rays over the young sir, and am glad to know you," said ed the collegian to her side.

The large determined to go, and run the risk of being discovered out of my room."

have determined to go, and run the risk of being discovered out of my room."

have determined to go, and run the risk of being discovered out of my room."

Sun, which ever cast its warm rays over the bound sir, and an glast to know you, said the large to know your father. It is a large to know your father to know your father, sir, years ago in college. "Are you not afraid of the risk, Fenton?" | Certainly you did not believe such a report, | ball to be given, this cold December night | knew your father, sir, years ago in college,

ing," was all the student could say, as an tell-tale tremor crept into his speech.

leine-here, my boy; give her your arm. Take it, I say, Madeleine! This stupid re- and he attended to her requests with the les!—a heathen celebrity, you know, My- said, softly, "when I came here to get a top floor; the lofts there happened to be ception BUSINESS is now about over, and I alacrity and servility of an ancient knight. ra-" am heartily glad of it. Now, Madeleine, The old merchant's daughter seemed | "Tush! fool!" was the sharp answer but, methinks I've heard secrets!" show Mr. Thorne over the house—the libra- | sufficiently pleased with her young knight, | to this. ry—the conservatory, and so on; and mark though no gay plumes nodded over his "Nay, nay, cousin, deal not in such ex- He had but entered, however, when he There I made my toilet. First, with you well, Madeleine, see that he gets enough locks, and no corslet of steel girded his pletives; they are unnecessary, and I do met Fenton Thorne, wearing a perturbed, the little scissors I cut off all the hair of to eat-ha! ha! You see, Mr. Thorne, I have not forgotten old times and college commons—ha! ha!" and the hospitable old servant could see—that Madeleine was leine is to be mine." gentleman ended his long talk, with a wholesouled, hearty laugh.

Fenton Thorne's face was like a furnace; he selt Myra's nervous arm tremble in his, as she half withdrew and then replaced it, as if determined to assert priority of possession. The young man saw the extreme awkwardness of his position; and Madeleine appeared as if she wished the floor would open and ingulf her.

the young man. "You see I-I-am already into conversation. seemed that the manufacturer's proud Smith opened his mouth to his friend only back and applied it to my upper lip. engaged, and-"

ley will readily release you, for a time. Here, | blood boiled in his veins. He knew that | length she spoke, and her voice, though | "There's a little game playing, Fent, my | it down so small, quite natural. Mr. Smith, or you, Mr. Ross, escort Miss Ross presumed on superior class-ship at low, was steady and clear. classmate and friend!"

was, at that moment, most intently busying | periority of his own bulky frame over the | But, before Heaven, I love him, love him himself in looking in an entirely different | slender yet sinewy physique of the Fresh- | at times madly; I can not deny it!" direction; of course he most irreverently | man. unheeded the old gentleman's command.

Mr. Ross, however, stepped promptly for-Thorne:

drawing her arm rather rudely in his, he | coat-sleeve, he fancied himself the equal of | "Ah!—go on, Ralph." turned abruptly and walked away.

In another moment, the round arm of Madeleine Fleming lay in Fenton Thorne's. and the noble-looking couple glided grace- ley. She was standing alone, still as a The truth is, my exchequer is low, and the fully away amid the throng.

Stephen Smith had already mingled familiarly in the assembly, and was now in earnest discourse with some fellow-students, who, like himself, having been favored with invitations to the ball, had run the risk of being demerited, for absence from rooms, in study-

gushing forth on all sides.

Arthur Fleming's face.

"And, next year!" he had muttered. a set at whist. "Will I then-"

yourself?"

brow.

away, arm in arm.

CHAPTER IV.

HEARTS AND DIAMONDS.

doors to the spacious dining-hall were aloud in the large room; then, speedily, move on. "I have but one word, Made- familiar expression, I must "git." Fenton Thorne, the Freshman.

The youth seemed intoxicated with bliss, | then the dance began. Beyond a doubt, it was rude and ungallant | was again scarlet, when he saw as his vis- | me!" had gained access there. It was not exact- the "swing corners." from his impassioned grasp. leine Fleming breathing innocence, youth, him.

vexation and jealousy. was yet a man in understanding, and | guests were beginning to depart by scores. | your ear." was not stupid. He could read human na- gloom and quiet, was the conservatory, a It was but three words that the maiden | The keen Jew, the master of the shop, I opened the door and entered. Peters time. Perhaps—and he had blushed and "Why, Myra," said the coarse voice of a gone!" trembled as he thought it—perhaps she man, "you are like a-silly-pated school- They turned at once from the conserva- but the suit was a disguise, and that was | "My name is Peters, sir," he said. "I then, Stephen Smith, the Junior, in his own room has noticed your appearance to now being fast deserted. quaint, independent way, had said: "Yes, night." strange phrase, and he half believed it, as less boy—ay, insulted by him?" "By Jove!" he cried, after coming close

Kentuckian. But, at all events, Fenton Thorne had, have his ears pulled." as it were, turned his back on Myra Hoxley, "And his ears should be pulled; had I ers.

"Ay, my young sir! And here, Made- had managed to keep Madeleine to himself. —that's all!"

happy; could see, too, that a new train of "Yours! why you do not care for her! "I do not blame her, nor can you," was little operation had made in my personal meditation, of small efforts at a new course | You are after her money, and—and—I am | the blunt reply. "But come, Fent, we | appearance — it was wonderful. Then of thinking, was going on in that youthful afraid this Fenton—loves her!" must be off to the college. All the car- with my finger I applied the Chinese vermind, however fragile and yielding the "Money!" exclaimed the other, angrily, riages are gone, and thanks to your mud- milion to my cheeks and forehead, using newly awakened thought.

evening, had Ralph Ross, in his self-con- mine! you are after money, too! You can | your pumps! ugh!" ceited, impudent manner, approached Made- not deceive me! Old Thorne, that boy's They left the hospitable mansion and With the scissors I trimmed the mustache

Thorne was a manly fellow, and always sneer. "But," he continued, as if struck ward, and said, half-sneeringly, to young preserved his self-respect; and as he ner- with a sudden thought, "come, Myra, vously clenched his right hand, and felt the | we'll enter into a league, offensive and de- | A ROMANCE OF CITY LIFE. | "I'll relieve you, sir. Come, Myra!" and | muscles swelling and contracting under his | fensive; we'll be allies." his weightier and coarser rival.

Fenton had caught a glance of Myra Hox- But, I have sown wild oats in my time!

they would burn him through. one of her pearly gloves; but her eye was upon; and—yes, you want Fenton Thorne, that was evident. They probably imagin- tooth-pick, lounging about the doorway stony, her face bloodless. Stephen Smith | the upstart, for money, too a lit- ed me dead in the waters of Spuyten Duy- that led to Peters' room. His face was was standing near her, and had evidently the love stirred in."

This, was true: Stephen Smith was a but eighteen years old. The moments, and the hours, sped by. good-hearted fellow, though he did not like "I'll agree, Ralph," she said; "I'll agree, Mirth, hilarity, and hearty good-feeling were Myra, that was beyond a doubt. But he agree; we'll work together, and I'll be death. was a whole man, a thorough-bred gentle- governed by you." Once in the course of the evening, when man, and he saw how indiscreetly, rudely, "Good! We must wean him from her, the steep hill, until I gained a rocky ledge, peculiar position in which, by the force of standing near an etegere, and entirely alone, in fact, Fenton was acting. He pitied and vice versa. You do the former; I, the fringed from view by a heavy growth of circumstances, I had been placed, to me an a dark, anxious cloud had passed over old Myra; she was alone, for Ralph Ross had latter. Poison her to him. I'll blast him trees. The sun shone bright on the rock. officer and a foe were one and the same. just left her, abruptly, as usual, to make up to her."

So the young Kentuckian had drawn the girl, in a deep, interested voice. and-stays away himself! Well, well, we | She dared not do so, for several reasons: | hear- Ha! here they come!" I am none such! Ah! Mr. Smith, glad to out an escort. But, between her and Ste- Fleming, leaning trustingly on the arm of That was the question. friendship.

The old man and the young walked arm, walked grandly away with her new- me?" found escort, who towered lofty and noble by her side.

policy of his friend Steve.

ly in accordance with etiquette, and young | Stephen Smith, the Kentuckian, stood | "Why, Mr. Thorne," she said, quite | Once dressed, I walked down the bank | "Say! kin yer git the hoss up? Jist Thorne knew it well enough. But then by, with old Mr. Fleming, and looked on. | calmly, considering the circumstances, "ru- of the river until I came to the Weehawken | loosen that strap there, and __"

terings of Myra Hoxley, breathing anger, | cloaks and shawls were again in requisi- | her as a friend; she is bold-" Fenton Thorne, though young in years, | the snow, and rolling up to the door. The | friend. But, but I'll whisper a word in | the money to boot, representing myself as be- | would be safely hidden up-stairs.

though not an adept in society-craft, yet | Away around the large mansion, in | She leaned over.

loved him! He almost knew it. And girl, to say the least! Everybody in the tory and bent their way toward the parlor, what I wanted.

Myra, the manufacturer's daughter, beyond | "And have I not occasion to be angry, arose from their hiding-place." knew well enough the meaning of this "Have I not been neglected by this brain- Ross, in a whisper.

awkward blush spread over his face, and a the Freshman, despite the vigorous advances have you harm Fenton Thorne; he is mis- That light disclosed the dusky, brown face came to the Park, crossed over the Park of several obsequious, pushing young bloods, | guided, he is captivated by-by that minx of Stephen Smith, the Kentuckian. He to Murray street. Then I went into one

Her every wish was to him a command, "That minx! That's good, by Hercu- "I did not mean to eavesdrop," he the corner of Murray, walked up to the

not deserve them. Maybe I'll serve you half-sheepish, half-repentant look. my eyebrows, and then cut off the eye-It was plain to see—ay, the most unob- by boxing this boy's ears; you know Made- Why, Steve, I'm in a mess now! Myra lashes. As I looked at myself in the mir-

links which held together that chain of | without noticing the latter part of her re- | dling of affairs, we'll have to foot it all the | it daintily, and just staining the skin, as mark. "Money! ay! you have said it! way—a good mile and a half—a storm in | though burnt by the sun. Then I put on Once, nay, twice, during that eventful And, sweet, harmless, innocent cousin of your face, and two feet of snow under the wig—it fitted me nicely. The kinky leine, and, disregarding the slender form of | father, is a millionaire; he can buy old | bent their way through the wind and | down, until it looked like one that a youth

"Tut! tut! that matters not! Miss Hox- the contemptuous deportment, and the self, so that she might answer calmly. At to say:

Hoxley, while Madeleine will do the hostess | college; presumed on the ancient, alleged | "You are right, Ralph; I confess it, for | diamonds!" with Mr. Fenton Thorne, the son of my old | ascendancy, rightful or otherwise, of a Ju- | I can not conceal it from you. I do love | nior to a Freshman. He fancied, too, that money, and I would have Fenton Thorne's As for Stephen Smith, the Kentuckian, he Ralph Ross presumed on the physical su- princely inheritance to be added to mine.

However, Freshman or not, Fenton to admit it," said the man, with a coarse

"Yes, I must marry Madeleine, though, Once, while at the refreshment table, I confess to you, I do not exactly love her.

His voice sunk into a whisper, and was | near her, with a smile on his lips and re- | "I'll—yes, I'll just thrash that younginaudible. "And so, old Welcome Hoxley spect in his speech. But, while Myra did ster, anyway, in a day or so; and— Hallo! the way, was exceedingly uncomfortable test it any more than I could help. allows his daughter to come to my house, not smile upon him, she did not repel him. —keep still—still as the grave, Myra; I —and waited.

ed the quiet precincts.

and his cup of pleasure was running over. Looking up, the young Freshman's face me love you, and that you do not hate Possibly, however, by this time he had re- admiring crowd.

of something else, for the passionate mut- apace over the company. Furs and muffs, fault! Myra Hoxley! I do not even like | into one of the second-hand clothing-stores | sleeve at the idea that, in a few minutes,

did his friend and chum, the dusky-faced "Well said, Myra; but the fellow is not | the carriage, and see me home, I feel | My next purchase was a little pair of | to and looking at me for a moment earnest-

During the serving of the refreshments, | "Caste! fudge! However, I would not | flash of light from a distant street-lamp. I walked down Chatham street, till I

breath of unadulterated oxygen; but— unoccupied, so that I was not likely to be

He left the room and sought the parlor. down.

has gone without me!"

the Freshman, save with a cold, contempt- | Welcome Hoxley, as rich as he is!" | snow, up to Benefit street, thence down to | of twenty would cultivate. Then "Excuse me, Mr. Fleming," stammered uous frown, endeavored to draw the maiden For a moment there was a silence. It the somber-looking college, and Stephen moistened the mucilage attached to its Fenton Thorne had noted that frown, | daughter was endeavoring to control her- once on that long tramp, and then it was | When it dried, as it did in a momeni, it

boy, a trump game—between hearts and I surveyed myself carefully in the little

(To be continued.)

ORPHAN NELL, "I would be ashamed, at least, so openly The Orange - Gir my brown slouched hat, that I had ex-

THE LOST HEIR OF THE LIVINGSTONES.

BY AGILE PENNE.

CHAPTER VII.

ON THE TRACK AGAIN. statue, her eyes bent fixedly on him, as if old governor's treasury has a hole in it. THE bow of the boat grated on the Jer- I arrived at the corner of Broome street. In other words, I want Madeleine for her sey shore; the sound was to me the sym- I had my eyes about me, and I noticed She was pulling slowly, nervously, at money, though the girl is fair to look bol of my freedom. I was not pursued, a seedy-looking fellow, sucking a quill

l vel Creek. been endeavoring to draw her into a con- The girl pondered for a moment. She But though free, I was not yet safe. I over, and then I recalled the circumstance was a bold soul, a daring schemer, though | knew Livingstone too well to think for a | that I had once seen him in company with single moment that he would be satisfied | Macarthy at the Tombs. Possibly, then,

> I stripped off my clothes and wrung them | How could I avoid this watcher, and get "And your first move, Ralph?" asked out as dry as I could, and then spread up-stairs without being seen by him? I them out in the sun to dry, while I had confidence in my disguise; but still, patiently sat on the rock—which, by on the whole, it was just as well not to

enough to put on.

ing in that peculiarly interesting state, fi- I knocked at the door of Peters' room;

gain; in fact, got decidedly swindled— | me with a puzzled look.

Then I stepped into a barber-shop and ly familiar to me." cost me eight dollars, and thus pretty near York city.

so brainless as impudent. He deserved to faint." In another barber-shop, I ly. His puzzled look disappeared. "Alex the silent sleeping-chamber of the flow- invested in a little yellow mustache. I Gorden, or my name's not John!" wore no beard of any kind myself. Then He took me by the hand and shook it whom he had escorted to the ball. He a brother-"she snapped out significantly | Scarcely had they gone when a tall I bought a little mirror and a small nacket | heartily

disturbed by any one coming either up or

ror. I wondered at the change that this looked quite ntce, and as I had trimmed

mirror. My experiment was a complete success. I had entirely altered my appearance. In fact, so changed was I, that I would have dared to face Richard Livingstone himself.

changed my natty little cap for, at the Jew's shop, down over my eyes.

I glanced up at the City Hall clock; it wanted a few minutes of six. It was getting late. I walked rapidly up Broadway. Peters' office was near Broome street. had hopes that I would find him in, as knew he seldom left the office, unless called away on business, until about half-past six. It was about ten minutes past six when

familiar to me. I searched my memory "The thief doth fear each bush an officer," I left the boat on the shore, and climbed and, though not exactly a thief, still, in the

I thought over my situation. What was evident to me that I had struck that were never friends, and he bears faithful re- the most cogent of which was, she did not The two plotters sunk down behind a should I do? The sentence still hanging streak. First, my escape from the car; membrance of old grudges. Let him do so; like to appear in so large a company with- cluster of large orange-trees as Madeleine over me, I had escaped, for how long? then, the finding of the boat; and now, just as I was praying to fortune to take come across you; hope you are enjoying | phen Smith there was no love, not even | Fenton Thorne, the collegian, slowly enter- | Livingstone would probably read the this seedily-dressed man with the quill account of my escape in the morning tooth-pick out of the entry-way, an omni-"Famously, my good sir, famously!" But She turned her stony stare at last from | "Oh, Mr. Thorne! they'll miss us! paper. Nothing, then, was to be feared bus horse slipped down right before the there was a shade, too, on the student's Fenton Thorne's face, and placing her Come, let us be gone. I-I am afraid-" from him until the morrow. If I could door at which the man stood. Of course jeweled wrist frankly in Stephen Smith's "Afraid, Madeleine of lelude the vigilance of the police which, there was an instant commotion; down by the way, would probably be more de- jumped the driver from his seat, and at-"No, no, I do not mean-I-I do not voted to searching for me in the vicinity tempted to raise the fallen brute; unsucknow what I mean; but, let us go-come!" of Spuyten Duyvel than in the city of New | cessful was the attempt. A crowd began. Fenton was happy; he could not be and she endeavored to force him away. York itself-I had time to escape to the to gather round-it doesn't take much to jealous of Myra, and he saw through the "Stay one moment, Madeleine; I must West. But on the morrow-in fact, the raise a crowd in New York. Various call you such! I implore you, grant me | very moment Livingstone heard of my es- | were the suggestions given-various were THE hour was waxing late, but still the The refreshments were at last abandoned; one moment," he continued, in a warm, ex- cape—he would set the detectives on my the attempts made. The seedy-looking ball went on. At half-past eleven, the then the merry sound of music swelled cited breath, as the girl still endeavored to track; so, before another sun, to use a man had left the entry-way, and had advanced slowly to the edge of the sidewalk. thrown open, and a magnificent collation setts were formed, and soon the heavy floors leine, to speak, and I had Duty evidently struggled with inclination; served. Conspicuous at the head of the were creaking to the measured tread and girl, when I speak it! I love you, Made- none. What was to be done? | duty said, "Stay at your post!" Inclinatable stood Madeleine and her father; and swing of the dance. Without knowing it, leine! Oh! turn not away! I know I Peters, the detective! The thought tion whispered, "Show them how to get near them, proud and triumphant, stood | scarcely, Fenton Thorne found himself by | am bold, but—but I can not help it! | came to me like a flash. He was my | the horse up, and astonish the crowd!" the side of the blushing Madeleine, and Speak, Madeleine, but say not now, neither friend, and would aid me. But if he was To the free-born American, there is nothing yea nor nay; simply tell me you will let still absent? Ah! there was the rub. more delightful than being the oracle of an

turned; if so, my escape was certain. I Inclination triumphed, for the "spy" in the young man to ignore the girl who a vis, Myra Hoxley, her partner being | He paused for breath and awaited her | would go to him at once, and tell him all. | —such I considered him, and of course had introduced him at the mansion, and Ralph Ross. One mad glance from her answer. through whose instrumentality, mainly, he eyes shot at him, and then she turned to Madeleine did not withdraw her hand course of action, my clothes were dry and with an air of brisk dignity, walked

he could not exchange happiness for dis- His face was sad and serious. Suddenly mor says that Myra Hoxley, the amiable ferry at Forty-second street. I crossed to I didn't wait to hear any more, but dartcontent—the sweet, silvery tones of Made- he disappeared, and Fenton lost sight of and beautiful belle, is the chosen of your the city; then I took a car down-town. I ed across the street, into the entry-way, had on quite a decent suit of black, and, and up-stairs. Lucky chance! Fortune. guilelessness and, perhaps, a faint shadow | The dance ended. Weariness crept | "Then rumor is—is most strangely at | on arriving in Chatham street, I stepped | at last, was on my side. I laughed in my that abound there, and offered to swap off the "spy" would return and resume his tion. Carriages were again crunching over | "Nay, there, Mr. Thorne, she is my | my black suit for a common one, and a lit- position and his watch, while his prey

nancially known as "hard up." his own voice said-" Come in!"

ture, at least, to a certain extent, and he large apartment, well filled with costly spoke, yet they made Fenton Thorne's hot had a sharp eye to a bargain, and we soon was reading a newspaper by the window. saw, and had seen for weeks, that Myra | exotics and indigenous plants of every de- | blood leap like lightning along his veins. | struck a trade, the result of which was, I | "Mr. Peters?" I said, determined to Hoxley was not indifferent to him; that scription. Suddenly, two forms glided | "Enough, Madeleine, my angel! May left the store with a seedy-looking gray | try the completeness of the disguise. He she was jealous of his movements-exact- slowly into this quiet room, and seated Heaven bless you!" | suit, and ten dollars in my pocket. Of started at my voice; dropped his newsing, too, as concerned her due quota of his | themselves on a rustic bench. "Then, come now, Fenton, we must be course I had much the worst of the bar- paper, and advanced toward me, surveying

Slowly Myra Hoxley and Ralph Ross | bought a yellow-haired wig, the hair of "Indeed!" This was a triumph for my which curled into little kinky curls, that I disguise—to baffle the keen eyes of John a doubt, was 'sweet' on him!" Fenton Ralph Ross?" demanded the other, fiercely. "What think you now, Myra?" asked saw exposed for sale in the window. That Peters, Esq., the smartest detective in New

you'll be an honor to the detective profes- and the papers were returned to me. Now, just removed my coat, when the door- I felt quite a degree of respect for Mr. oned as how he had a party down the

well change his eyes; and remembering | promise, anyway." eyes is my strong point. Another thing helped me, too: I expected to see you."

"You did!" I cried, in astonishment. "Yes. I've got an offer of five hundred | them in my pocket. dollars for your arrest. Just see how valuable somebody considers you!"

impulsively.

that made the offer. He loves you, he I'll get him into conversation, and take said "fight," and you have the appearance does—much!" and the detective put his him off to get a drink; that will fix it. of the stranger who had so unceremoniously plied. forgue in his cheek in a highly significant | Now, here's two hundred dollars; I've just | walked into my apartment.

—that is, I mean they do not think I have | you want any more, just draw on me." been drowned?"

search for you, Timps—that's the name of cause I knew that, some day, I could re- scious of the fact that the man before me turned Mr. Joe Sparks, with a knowing plowed through my left side. I were the officer who had charge of you—hadn't | pay it. recovered from the effects of that lick you | "By the way," he cried, suddenly, whisky denominated "tanglefoot"; in other towns and start a whisky shop; it pays a an' wheeled round to meet Mr. Injun. He Livingstone at once, and told him of your | weeks ago. escape—the officer evidently had an idea I opened it; it was from Nell, the two officers—came piling down here at she wrote. It read as follows: once. Livingstone offered me a reward of DEAR MR. GORDEN: five hundred if I laid hands on you and | 7 went, you'd sing small.

off your track was to put myself on it." cried, taking him by the hand warmly.

"In course!" he said, with a grin; me, please. "but, I tell you, when Timps told me the gave him a 'clout' under the ear, and some one that I wish would write, and if I had not been fully sen- me all I knew how. We had it up and mashed him against the side of the car, I should ever get a letter from him, I would treasible of the truth until the caprices of fate | "Thar or tharabouts, stranger. It's a down, over an' under, mashin' each other's thought I should have died—ha! ha! ha! sure it so much.

separated us; but now, I knew it. Was it lively place; got 'bout night onto a thou- heads ag'in' the rocks. I got some ugly and the detective roared at the idea. "He A thrill of joy went through my heart possible, though, that we should ever come sand people thar now; bout fif y saloons, pokes, an' I give some ugly ones; but, swears bloody vengeance upon you; when as I read the words penned by her dear | together? Would it ever be in my power | ten hotels, two the-a-ters, an' they do tell | finally, I got him down on the rocks, an' you knocked him down, the fall smashed hand. Write of course I would, and to make her my wife? My wife! Oh, me that they think bout building a church I got one arm free, an' then I lathered him. his pipe, and it cost him twenty-five dol- gladly. what a world of happiness was in that I were growing weak, an' either lars—a genuine imported article. He's | She signed the letter N. L.; what was | word, coupled with her dear name! | Ef it tain't, why you kin take the heels | I must finish him or he'd finish me. At raving about it, and swears he'll kill you her last name? I had never inquired; But first, my vengeance! Macarthy's right off my boots." if he ever gets hold of you."

slap on the back. "But, joking aside, you this life—we walk blindly on, unconscious to sleep." "Wal, to finish my story: some of the are in great danger. Livingstone has an of the future. idea that you will come to me; I could With a farewell press of the hand, | window full upon my face awakened me. | very identical hoss that can tell you all | the Injun's, an', s'pectin' somethin' was up, tell that by the way he talked. He's a Peters went down the stairs. In about | My first thought was of Nell; my second | about it, 'cos, you see, I was the fust man | they kim tearing up the gulch, found the deep 'un, but he can't throw any dust in ten minutes I ventured to descend. Peters one of my drunken friend. There he was, to diskiver the ranche."

laid eyes on him."

day-but Timps told me all about it."

"this Livingstone is a deep 'un; it was a other than the Rev. Robert Browning, and in upon us; but we had made a big strike nice little trap, and you walked into it. In the Rev. Robert Browning was the man am I?" responded the unknown, blinking afore that. My share were about three entry-way as you came in—a seedy-looking | my hands.

"Yes, I saw him," I answered; "but for I was on the track again! he was not in the doorway as I entered; he went into the street to see about a horse that fell down, and in his absence I slipped

"That was smart!" he cried; "you've you to win against Richard Livingstone, way. there to watch whether you would come | Robert Browning, from the | been h'isting benzine enough to run a | and struck out in different trails to see ef | me I'm your man, an' I ain't a bad cuss to to see me or not. Livingstone has an idea | description, was something fer supper, | travel with, 'cos, without blowing about it, that I'm a friend of yours, and his visit to sheep"; he had managed to get into his "Oh, my friend, you came in here last fer our peck, as I said afore, were gittin' that ain't many of the roughs round these me was a blind to fool me, but I ain't fool- hands some ten thousand dollars belonging night a little bewildered, and laid down on low. of the stairs, and there I saw Mr. Man in From the letters of the Chicago detectives. Injun at a 'big talk,'" he interrupted. the entry."

"What is to be done?"

"Oh, 'way out West anywhere—go into | Chicago. there worth a fortune, and if you should finding a needle in a bundle of hay was tana. be lucky, you can come home with your more than matched in this job.

"Where shall I go?" I asked.

" But my ticket?" stand the press, I guess, and some day, all would be well. a case in my hands about a year ago; a Railroad, and the overland coaches for cussed Britisher, so they axed me to take bowie. fellow absconded with considerable plunder | Denver city, where I arrived in due time. | the starch out o' him. Wal, I 'went for | "The Indian grinned, raised his rifle an' belonging to other parties; I turned it over | I had been in Denver about three days, | him,' an' I licked him. Then two or three | drew a bead on me. I tell you, stranger, I mines. Then they wanted so much in ad- | Gulch" and a dozen other embryo cities | like it. She lives out East, in New York, | tioned me to throw down my knife. I tell | celebrated vance before they would go on any further, when a little incident occurred which de- stranger, an' she felt better when I quit. you, it went down lively. Then he p'inted FAT CONTRIBUTOR. and, as the Buffalo parties wouldn't pay termined my destination.

you might take 'em, and work the case up, which I had neglected to fasten-opened Joe Sparks after he had defined his posi- creek, an' he were a-goin' to drive me "You knew my voice and eyes, then?" I think there's some money in it. You suddenly, and a stranger came in. I look- tion. "Yes," he replied; "a man can't very might frighten the rascal into a com- ed at him in astonishment. He was dressed | "What mought your name be, stranger?" given an ounce of gold-dust for my life jist

> "Well, I'll try it!" I said. drawer and gave them to me. I placed up in breadth. Not that he was what disguise my identity, because there was run.

seeing me?" I asked.

ing home, which I generally do about this bullet-shaped; a pug nose and square chin, "From the East, I s'pose," continued knifes, an hour or two later. Ef I made a "That's the very identical individual time. Of course I'll see him outside, and combined with a general expression which the Spider; "after gold, likely, eh?" hauled in five hundred for a little scandal After he entered, he leaned against the onto any ranche yit?" | couple of hundred feet was tolerably clear;

"No. When they backed the train to money into my hand; I accepted it, be- his business, when I suddenly became con- "I kin, ef any man kin, you bet!" re- went his gun; whiz kim the bullet an' it

gave him under the ear, and the other of- "there's a letter for you here." He hand. | words, he was helplessly drunk. ficer hadn't a very clear idea of what you ed it to me. I saw by the post-mark that | Suddenly his legs gave way and he came | "Well, that's a business that I don't ex- the butt-end of his gun. I dodged, an' looked like. So they left the train, and it had been posted on the very day that I gently to the floor; with a grunt of satis- actly like. Can you tell me of some whack went the stock ag'in' a rock, splittin' came back to the city. Timps went to had been arrested for the forgery, over two faction he stretched himself out, and coolly ranche—" I adopted the border phrase off a piece of it, an' mashin' the gun like

that he was deeply interested in your fate. | Orange Girl; she knew of my connection | for him. I remembered how many nights | thing?" The whole party-Livingstone and the with Peters, and had remembered it when I had lain in the mud-gutter.

I am obliged to leave New York very suddensent you up to Sing Sing, where, between by. Poor girl as I am, I have enemies-poweryou and I and the bed-post, I think if you ful enemies. It is to avoid them that I fly. I bed, and raising his head, gently put it little surprised at this strange title for a were filled with it. Ef I got out of this. am going to Buffalo. I have friends there, under it. A drunken grunt rewarded my town, though I had no reason to be sur- fight a live man—an' I wouldn't have bet "Of course I accepted the offer at once. friends of my mother; they will protect me. I efforts; then I undressed and went to bed. prised at any name, however odd, in a my pile of rocks on it, 'cos it were shaky I knew the best way to keep the detectives | should accurage to the detectives | should accurage to the detective of the left should dearly love to see you before I go, but evment of danger. Please think of me sometimes, blue eyes and sunny hair of Nell, the "Red Dog City" were evidence of the "The Injun kim at me, roaring like a "You're a friend indeed, Peters!" I for I shall think of you a great deal. Oh! Orange Girl, were in my thoughts, and taste of the inhabitants in bestowing titles | buffler. I let drive with the rock an' how I do wish I could see you! Don't forget | banished sleep from my eyes. Strange | on their local abiding-places.

but what did it matter to me? So I death must be avenged upon his assassin, "I do not doubt your word, my friend, once or twice, an' then I fainted, fur, you

the papers Peters had given me. I did so, salutation, as he rubbed his eyes and gazed with a grin. "Well, what do you think of it?" I and, to my utter astonishment, discovered around with a bewildered air.

"I should like to hear all about it. Sit | benzine than he could carry, an' blabbed By the way, did you notice a man in the Salome Percy to— Ah! the clue was in open. | prospecting for gold on a south fork of the lot woman in the East—"

CHAPTER VIII. "DEAD MAN'S GULCH."

in the rough style common to the Far he asked. West—a man below the medium size, but "Robert James," I answered, giving him darned Injun follerin' ahind, with his gun Peters took a bundle of papers from a what he lacked in hight was amply made the name which I had resolved to adopt to well up to give me a shot in case I tried a could be called fat, but, to use the old ex- just the least chance in the world that my "I thought the matter over in the first "How can I get out without this spy pression, he was built from the ground up- friend Livingstone might set the detectives fifty steps. I were goin' to certain death, ward. His dark-brown hair was cropped on my track and attempt to hunt me anyway; might's well be shot outright as "Richard Livingstone!" I exclaimed, "I'll get out first, just as if I were go- tight to his head, which was small and down.

extreme gravity.

The large-hearted detective forced the I approached for the purpose of asking to 'strike oil' in the shape of gold." in his outlandish gibberish, an' then crack was under the influence of the celebrated wink. "Jist go to any of the mining hit, but I reckoned not bad. I stopped,

and calmly went to sleep.

I'll let the poor devil sleep off his drunk bet! Jist you sling your traps an' go to streaked with gold! I'd struck a 'lead,'

fact, any man would have done the same. | who, in the year 1843, at Buffalo, married | his eyes like an owl, trying to keep them | ago, there were a party of six on us out | thousand dollars. I sent a thousand home

"Well, you are in room No. 40, Central Platte river; we had bin out jist bout a "And the rest?" I inquired. fellow, with a quill tooth-pick?" Richard Livingstone had cause for fear, Hotel, Denver city. "Lost every blessed cent here in Denver.

"Look a-here, stranger!" said the un- Our peck had 'bout gi'n out, an' there gambling," responded the "Spider," sheepknown, excitedly; "was I drunk last wasn't much show of game round; so we ishly. night?" "That was bad."

In due time I arrived at Omaha, no in- | with an air of deep disgust. "Drunk | we were nigh onto a hundred miles south | me drunk, an' went fur me. But, I'm got a head on your shoulders. I'll back | cident worth mention occurring on the ag'in—drunk as a b'iled owl, by hookey! | by west from thar, an' right into the Injun | going back to 'Dead Man's Gulch' right Hullo! how did this piller come under my | country, though we hadn't seen nary trail | away. You see, they called the town that, though he has got the start. As you prob. During the journey I had fully examined head? Did I 'carbine' it from you, of the red devils yit. So, arter our 'big | 'cos they found me and the dead Injun ably suspected, that fellow's a spy, put | the papers relating to the fugitive, Rev. | stranger? If I did just 'scuse me, 'cos I've | talk,' we all shouldered our shooting irons | thar; an' if you'd like to go partners with

it appeared that the fleet-footed Robert was | "Exactly; you laid down on the floor, tumbling down through it, muddy as blazes, cular, well-knit hand. I complied with a slippery customer. He had been arrest- and I put the pillow under your head to one of the head-waters of the Platte. I his request. "Well, you must get out of New York; ed in Chicago, but in being conveyed to the make you as comfortable as possible," I s'posed. Wal, jist as I struck this branch | "Now let's p'ison ourselves!" he said, they'll make it too hot for you here. "Armory"—the "Tombs" of the self- replied.

o'clock, over the Erie road, for the West; | managed to elude the officers and escape. | you ain't I don't want a cent! You've | smell of a good dinner to a hungry man. | "What?" I asked, not understanding you must get off in that; your disguise | The Chicago detectives had traced him as | done me a good turn an' I ain't the man to | I fotched the old gun down from my | him. will not be discovered by any officer that | far as Denver city, but, at that point, he | forgit it. My name's Joe Sparks, some | shoulder quicker'n a wink, an' then I wait- "Let's h'ist some benzine—take a drink may happen to be over there. Besides, had again given them the slip, and the slip, and

they won't think that you'll 'light out' so | supposition was that he had gone to the | "What! the pugilist?" I asked, for I | Then that was another rustle in the bushes | it hyer." mountains to the mines; then the detec- had read in the papers of a pugilist called ahead, an' I saw a small dark thing among We adjourned at once to the saloon. tives had given up the job and returned to | "Spider," the hero of several desperate | the leaves that looked like a good-sized | As well "Dead Man's Gulch" as any battles fought inside the "magic circle," as bird. I didn't know what in thunder it other mining town for me. Being a new the gold mines round Pike's Peak. Who After considering these facts I came to | the magnates of the magnates of the magnates of the magnates of the magnates and the mines reported rich, of course knows? You may strike a 'lead' out | the conclusion that the old-time task of | call it—said battles taking place in Mon- | fur or feather, I kin eat it,' for, 'tween you | all adventurers would naturally go there.

to some Chicago parties, not being able to deliberating which of the mines to try more went for me, an' I licked them; but, felt just like old Crockett's coon. 'Twa'n't But, I got the name of the 'Spider,' 'cos down the creek an' nodded his head, as (A. W. GRISWOLD), we present enough "food any thing until the fellow was caught, I went to my room at the hotel one of the sarurday any thing until the fellow was caught, I went to my room at the hotel one of the sarurday why, the whole thing fell to the ground, I night for the purpose of retiring, and had I glish bruisers."

-"that's not overcrowded, and where blazes. He dropped back a piece, and I let him alone. I had a fellow-feeling there's a chance for a man to make some- drew his knife. I picked up a rock—the

'Dead Man's Gulch.'" So I took one of the pillows from the | "Dead Man's Gulch!" I exclaimed, a | it. Of course the stream in the gulch, too, Sleep did not come for some time. The | country where "Shirt-tail Bend" and | —here were the spondulicks fur the asking.

"I'm not much afraid!" I answered. | thought then, but after events proved that | Livingstone. That once accomplished, then | in the least," I replied; "but, why in the | see, stranger, I had begun to bleed like a "That's right!" he said, with a hearty it mattered a great deal. Thus it is in for Nell and love eternal; and then I went | name of heaven didn't they call it some | pig from the wound in my side.

grown quite dark. I went to the Erie I proceeded to dress. Just as I was astonishment.

"Have you seen the report of my ferry at once, bought a ticket to Omaha, pulling on my boots the stranger turned | "Fact! Ef it ain't, you kin cut off my | wound after all—an' then we went fur the trial?" and entered the cars. | over, and with a snort, suddenly awoke. | ears, grease my head, and swallow me | gold. Half the party went back to Cat-"No; I just got back from the West to- In the car, I thought I would examine | "Whar the blazes am I?" was the first | whole," said the redoubtable "Spider," | fish city' for provisions and tools. Wal,

that the fellow who had fled from Buffalo, "Precisely where you laid down last down and give me the story," I said, offer- out bout our big strike; so, in course, in "Just as I said before," he answered; and whom I was to hunt up, was none | night," I replied. | ing Mr. Joe Sparks a chair, which he ac- less than a month, 'Catfish city' kim pilin'

> "Yes, I think you were," I answered. | concluded to take the back-track to Cat- "It were bad-bad!" exclaimed Joe, "Jist as I thought!" said the stranger, fish city, whar we started from. I guess | emphatically. "I were a fool; they got

ed quite so easy as he thinks for. So, af- to the society over which he had presided, the floor—" der." ter he had gone, I went quietly to the head and, one fine morning, he was as drunk as an miles, due north, 'fore I raised hide nor "I'll go with you!" I said, at once. hair. I'd got into a big gulch with a stream | "Shake!" cried he, extending his mus-There's an emigrant train to-night at eight | styled "New York of the West"—he had | "Stranger, you're a hoss, you air! If | ahead. That air rustle was to me like the | completed. an' me, stranger, I were hungry enough to Perhaps the rascal I was in search of— "I'm the man, but I ain't no pug; I eat a crow; so I let drive. Bang went Browning-would be attracted there. At 'ducats,' and just make Livingstone In one way only could I hope for suc- don't fight for a livin'," he said, modestly. old shootin'-iron, an' I'm jiggered, stranger, any rate, I must do something to make why, you can square it off. By the way, I stopped in Omaha only a few hours, I the best man in the diggin's. Now, the Like a cussed fool, I had come out with revenge—nearer to Nell, the Orange Girl. I've got an idea. Some Buffalo men put and then pushed on via the Union Pacific boys couldn't stand bein' crowed over by a nary other we'pons 'cept my rifle an' a (To be continued-Commenced in No. 41.)

wa'n't any chance of a fair fight. I reck- Journal to answer the calls of the most greedy.

then. I stepped out tolerably lively, the

to be tickled to death by their cussed bold dash fur it, he'd fire at me; he mought "Yes, I am going to the mines," I re- kill me furst pop, an' then ag'in he mought miss, or only wound me slightly. It were "Whar you going to locate? Pitched | worth tryin'. The gulch afore me for a "My escape has been discovered, then job up in Fifth avenue, and I'm flush. If wall and surveyed the room with a look of | "I haven't made up my mind," I said; so, with a big jump, I started. The Injun "perhaps you can tell me of a likely spot | were astonished. He hollered something heap sight better than diggin'." | kim tearin' on an' made a lick at me with piece he smashed off with his lick-an' "You kin bet your bottom dollar I kin, | right thar, right in the excitement of that "No," I said. "I'll not turn him out; an' you'd rake the pile every time, you air free fight, I saw it was quartz rock an' dead sure! Here was gold, an' plenty of

knocked the knife out of his hand. That how much I thought of that girl. It was | "Jist so! I'm a sucker ef it ain't! were luck, stranger. Then we clinched; useless to deny the truth—I loved her! It's the liveliest town for one only two Jack were as good as his master now. We Injun were a tough cuss, an' he worked

The morning sun shining in through the "Wal, now, stranger, you've, hit on the boys heard the report of my gun, and then my eyes. I've seen rogues before I ever and the spy had departed. It had now still sound asleep upon the floor. "You?" I responded, with some little of him. They fotched me to, doctored

diggin's that care 'bout tackling the 'Spi-

cess, and that was to stumble accidentally | "You see how it come. When I were up | ef out of them bushes that didn't rise a cussed | money, for, without money, I was powerupon him. Luck then must aid me. So | to the diggin's in Montana, that were an En- Injun, holding in his hand a piece of his | less. Therefore every step I took toward "That's all right—draw on me for what | far, fortune had stood my friend; should | glishman thar—a feller that I'd sent my ball through. | the new El Dorado, the "lively" city you want; I ain't a rich man, but I can | the blind goddess but continue her favors | fighting his business in the old | known as "Dead Man's Gulch," in reality Wal, he was a blowin' round 'bout bein' Injun dodge on me, and drawed my fire. | took me nearer to fortune—nearer to my

Laugh and Grow Fat!

If there is any virtue in this old adage, our attend to it myself, and they made a botch | first-debating in regard to the respective | I tell you, stranger, I didn't like the biz', | any use to shoot; I were ready to come | readers ought all to become members of the of the whole affair-let the fellow slip claims to auriferous wealth put forth by an' I shook it. I'm a little better than a down. The Injun-he was a cussed Piute | Fat Men's Club, for what with Beat Time, through their fingers and get off to the "Gopher-town," "Catfish Bend," "Roaring | bull-dog; besides, the old woman didn't | I knew from his paint an' toggery—mo- | Washington Whitehorn, Joe Jot, Jr., and the



Published every Tuesday morning at nine o'clock.

NEW YORK, JANUARY 14, 1871.

THE SATURDAY JOURNAL can be had of any Terms to Subscribers:

One copy, six months,\$1.25 Terms to News Agents:

The Publishers suggest that when a Newsdealer is convenient, readers will obtain this paper with perfect regularity by leaving their names with such deal-

To Contributions. - All contributions remitted must be fully prepaid, and also stamps inclosed for the MS. return, if it is not available. We can not as- daily trains, doesn't go anywhere near same any responsibility in the preservation of MSS. not used; therefore, authors should inclose stamps as indicated, which will secure the early re-mailing of the matter. All manuscripts will receive early and careful consideration.—Authors will please be butcher to the banker, who shaves notes COMPANY, 98 WILLIAM ST., N. Y." and to write plainly on the corner of the envelope the words "Book | affected and affecting. Mss." The postage on a package so addressed, is two cents for every four ounces. If not so marked the postage will be the usual letter rates, viz: three | check-shirts are universal, without diacents for every half ounce.-In the choice of matter, cellence being equal) which are shortest.

ters on business, should be addressed to BEADLE AND COMPANY, PUBLISHERS, 98 WILLIAM ST., NEW YORK.

Contributors and Correspondents.

KINS AND THE COUGAR; A TIMELY WARNING; ONE AGAINST MANY; How WE WIPED OUT | you are among. One fellow took me aside | Mr. Full Purse, who would not stop to THREE GOLDEN LINKS.

MRS. MOGGRIDGE'S TRA-PARTY; PRESTON Howe's Temptation; No Work, No Pay; other out such a rascal that I thought they THE LAST CHRISTMAS; A JOYFUL GRIEF; HASTY BUT NOT RASHLY; THE TENTH ANNIVERSARY; | kept still. SPECIES NOT GENERA, etc., etc.

in its way, but we don't fancy the spirit which pervades it. Man may be the "superior ani- a great ways here. mal," but certainly is not the superior being. Woman's life, liberty and pursuit of happiness are not so wholly and entirely in man's keeping that he can dictate to her her duties, her ways, equality in human rights, we shall have no with a spoon. an inferior. The new civilization is already in

the ascendant! copies of the SATURDAY JOURNAL, containing

all our leading stories. mirable.—The rhyme, CATASTROPHE, is very is. Will give it place.

are more than supplied with this class of story. The several poems by L. C. G., Chicago, we return. While possessing some good lines, they are, at times, defective rhythmically and not at all sustained. The author had better. for the present, write for his local papers and far better than what he now offers.

"Tails" sends a maiden effort, and endorses the MS. thus:

'Tis a maidenly effort, the first on the file. And if my tale suits your fastidious taste, In your popular paper you can give it a place.

I will look in the "Answers," that bugbear to

Unfortunate authors—I hope I'm not one! In answer, dear Journal! I speedily crave, My hopes, will they live, or be laid in the grave? In the grave, sir. Tails won't win this toss.

B. B. G. sends us advertisement of a "Popular" work on Marriage, etc., and asks if it is safe for young men to read such works. We It was dull beyond description. The sagacious | brandy could not be indicted for his cruelty should say they are, almost without exception, nasty books, appealing to a lascivious taste.

Foolscap Papers.

From Pinchunburg.

THE most important thing in this little town is that the center of the world was discovered here by a mathematical chap from the neighboring rival town. Immediately upon my arrival here, I was taken to engagement was tendered upon their own the citizens, and I gazed upon the stake satisfactory to themselves." with my hands in my pockets and tears in

linger around in the suburbs.

The other day, while sitting at my win- only one of the elements of attraction sciousness, pride of position, arrogant dow, trying to keep my eyes open, and re- which we offer readers! flecting upon the moral effect of two pigs posite, a fellow who was going down in hind in the race for popular favor. the middle of the road in a somnambulic state, suddenly sneezed himself awake, and the town constable, who was taking a nap on a cellar door, got up and arrested the Newsdealer in the United States or Canadas. Per- | fellow for breaking the peace; and the note from a Newsdealer, or those wishing | magistrate, who carries on shoemaking office by mail, will be supplied at the following rates, | when he can keep himself awake on the bench, found him guilty, and fined him heavily, for he said the law must be reagain, rolled his sleeves up, and went to

The society is all aristocracy, from the fly came away to me. and customers; and Fifth avenue styles are

preference will be given to those contributions (ex- | mond pins, and the hat is always well dull, and she brought out some of her own

any good of anybody else, and it's not un- husband's head aches. til vou get into conversation with them Will use OLD KERG BARTLETT; EPH HAW- that you are made aware what a mean set | me of the wealthy, proud and aristocratic | then the neighbor took me aside and told crossings, but did stop at the bar-room for Can not use The Destroyer Destroyer; me all about the other, and each made the his daily drink, a shame upon him!

The sketch, Household Gods, is well enough | about me, for some of my faults would go | that Full Purse had passed by.

by fellows who go there for a loaf, and the prodigal son, who was received with open bar-room does the most business at night, arms, and whose mother wept tears of joy her thoughts and her feelings. Only the | where fellows who sit there drink sugar | when she clasped him to her breast. "Heathen Chinee" or the Arab are lords over | well wet, and where I frequently sit, too, | was going to stop at home and never go honest enough to own to woman's perfect | with a glass off the same piece, seasoned | cruising about again. I wonder how a fly

The truth is, I rather like it here; there MEMORIA IN ETERNA. Both of these are ad- knowledge of being so far above all that called a murderer's son. good if entirely original, as we suppose it my situation here has its enchantments. improve by constant trying a talent which, by | will only be by fellows asking if you have | their diamond wedding. encouragement, will develop into something any thing to trade, or more conventionally, swap. If I go back to the city at all, it editors never have a chance to run into My dear, Starry Journal, let thy criticism be | because I have friends there. Quietly, WASHINGTON WHITEHORN.

A MATTER OF COURSE.

UNDER this caption the N. Y. Tribune announces the decease of the Comic Weekly called Punchinello, and says:

"The late hebdomadal had no reason to live. was, it is even dangerous to admit a flash of to you. facetiousness, which lights up to frightful distinctness the dead level of surrounding inanity. | Charlie is waiting to see me in the parlor; There was always something rather startling in | so I must get my hair in trim, put those a good joke printed by Punchinello. It affected "valler" locks in order, and set that "comthe reader with a sense of incongruity, like bative nose" in a less angry attitude, quit dance music at a funeral."

And Punchinello's publishers say, in their | missive final issue:

"To all leading humorists in the country an

my eyes, and was influenced to subscribe | And we may add, for reasons satisfacto- class thus formally spoken of, and catered | Peter, the Hermit-Pete was princi- his handsome face. seventy-five cents toward the erection of a | ry to the public. The public wants no | to, no doubt feel their immense importance. | pally notorious for stirring up a little dif- | "Proud little empress! If it wasn't for monument suitable for so sacred a spot. | guest at its fireside whose sole business is | We can see, in our mind's eye, the daintily- | ficulty between the Christians and Mahome- | Genevieve Mortimer, and her witching black The value of this great discovery is not that of clown or court fool—to joke, and dressed, graceful and accomplished little dans, which extended over a period of eyes, I verily believe Bertha's purple-blue only incalculable to the world at large, but pun, and contort his face, and do nothing creatures, enacting, with suitable gravity, thirty years, resulting in numerous excur- Genevieve would say if she knew the little to this town in small, inasmuch as it af- else. Such a guest would soon become a life—that is, on sions by land and water, under the fasci- game I was playing to give her a palatial fords a delightful and never-ending theme | great bore, even if he possessed the com- | the velvet carpet of mamma's parlor—no | nating title of the Crusades. The Hermit | home when we are married? Bigamy, I for its citizens to string large words on, | bined wit and wisdom of Hood, Sidney | more to be put to blush than mamma her- | was an itinerant lecturer, and had he lived | believe they call it, and yet I am willing to for the entertainment of pensive travelers, | Smith and Davy Crockett. What is want- | self, regarding with calm scrutiny the dress | in our day, would have turned his attention | Prophesy that, by the time Genevieve bewhose only excuse for coming here is hav- ed, rather, by our reading households, is a and manners of the miniature men and wo- to humor, thereby saving a deal of blood- annoy us, unless her manes does!" ing lost their way. The center of the journal, giving, as part of its weekly men- men who call upon them. They are al. shed. The Crusades turned out like the That was the man who was on Bertha earth is claimed by several other places, | tal repast, a column or two of contributions | ready blase in worldly experience; they | author of the creed they were intended to | Holmes' track! Poor Bertha! the only child but everybody knows that this is the only by humorists who write because they feel | would be almost as much mortified to be | annihilate—a false prophet. true one, and its citizens are its prophets! as they write, and whose sense of the ludi- betrayed into enthusiasm, delight, surprise, Plutarch-I only knew this gentleman pointed his old friend, Wilfred Earle, guar-A word about the business of this place. | crous is not attuned to the measure of fifty | or astonishment, at any earthly event | by reputation. He is always spoken of in | dian of his daughter. Take the racket and bustle of Broadway | cents a joke. This class of writers, few in | which might possibly happen, as would | the plural number. "Plutarch's Lives" is the Bovery; set them down, add them up, the popular weeklies which are too plea- things! we admire their elegance, their at- were of him I am not prepared to say. and you'll find the activity of this little sant and too satisfactory to sever—hence tainments, their precocity; but we pity BISMARCK—Vulgarly termed "Old Biz."

walking leisurely into a millinery store op- paper can not survive, when it is so far be- strangers.

give you the benefit of their buzzings.

tells me how Mrs. Kindly received her husband with a smile, and had his dressing-Pants are universally worn in boots, gown and slippers in their accustomed to her lips: places. He remarked that business was | "Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home."

A fat, overgrown fly has an account for one touch of nature makes the whole world kin,"

Another hummer tells me how the young | ly from her heart. EASY JOHN RUTHERFORD; HOME AT LAST; had better have split the difference, and author, Lewis Heartful, gave up his cigar that day and bestowed the amount it I was very glad that they knew nothing | would cost upon the same street-sweeper |

> Here a frolicksome fly sings in my ear The village store is always crowded— of a home made happy by the return of a could leave so happy a place as that.

Still another fly—this is written in sumis not a fellow in this town that I owe | mer-time-brings me a doleful account of H. F. D., Chicago. We can always supply (the landlord accepts his pay beforehand), a man who, maddened by passion, took a and I can carry a high head, and go down- | fellow-creature's life, and was this day exe-Will use poem, THE MILLENIUM. Paper will street shaking hands and bowing to every cuted for the crime, and how his poor little be sent as requested.—Will also use poem, one I meet—not many, at most—with the child slunk away to escape hearing himself

Oh! what a lovable fly sits on the pen-It is so different from the city. The dent to my ear-drops, and singeth that two MS., MET AT SEA, is very well told, but we | houses are like angels' visits, far and few | young people were this day married in the between; you can cross the streets without | grand cathedral, and they seemed as happy policemanic aid; you can read a little of as happy could be. May they continue so! Tupper, and go right to sleep without be- Let each be the last to speak a cross word, ing disturbed, or if you are disturbed, it and maybe I'll have a chance to dance at

> Oh! Mr. Fly, don't tell me that the occupied in getting up dainty literary repasts for their readers. Ah! Mr. and Mrs. Reader, you little know the laborious work an editor has to go through ere you see the paper.

Here's a naughty, naughty little fly has been sipping some brandy, and he can A. Ward once said he thought it rather im. | to insects. Poor little fly; you are well Don't touch them except to toss them in the | proved a comic paper to print a joke now and | branded, and as I dislike the effluvia of then. But when a paper is as dreary as this your breath, I am compelled to say "shoo"

But, here comes one more fly to tell me moralizing and once more become sub-EVE LAWLESS.

FOL DE-ROL.

age," says one of them recently; and the | narrow compass. conscience, and can hear myself snore two | brilliantly catered for in its humorous de- | place of sweet, unconscious grace and art- | above and beneath which were wrilten the yesterday, drawn by a four-horse mule-team. | Whitehorn, M. T. Head and the noted | glistened in the flower's heart has vanish- | upon him, but was afterwards corrupted to | dreaded him more than ever. . caused so much racket that he town has "Fat Contributor," we certainly have a ed; and in its place has been fastened a Bismark. He played for Prussia and not subsided yet, and the echoes of it still | quintette of drollerists of rare excellence | hard, cold, gold-encircled gem, pinned to | made a Count. Now he is toying with and popularity. No paper or magazine its proper place. Not that beautiful or Paris and expects to make a Dukedom. The only way they can tell when Sun- now published can compare with our fashionable dress implies a loss of the pe- Then he will emigrate to Cincinnati and swept up the broad, velvet-covered steps, inday comes is by the church-bell ringing; | Weekly in this respect. There is, in each | culiar charms of childhood; but we know | go into the Boulogne-sausage business. | to her room; a model of luxury and com-

criticism, and those sentiments of worldli-It is not strange that a professedly comic | ness to which young souls should be kept |

AN INCIDENT.

CROSSING the ferry, a few days ago, we, FLIES come buzzing in my ears, and along with the rest of the passengers in the very strange things they tell me. I will ladies' cabin, were surprised by a low, treml ulous, but not unmusical voice, breaking One tells me that he has just come from | the silence of the moment, by singing the Mrs. Fussey's, and that she is crying be- | well-known strains of "Home, Sweet cause her husband won't take her to the | Home." We looked around, and saw a Springs in the summer, when she well German woman, busy with her knitting, spected. The magistrate put on his apron knows that it is her extravagance that has her fingers flying as only German fingers brought him almost to the verge of failure, | can fly with the needle, her apron full of and that she wouldn't sell her diamonds to | work, her hood down close over her face, The State Orphan Asylum, one of the help him along. Then her husband com- which was bent, apparently, in utter abfinest buildings in point of size and beauty plained of a sick headache, and Mrs. Fus. straction, low over her task. Unconscious of design in the State, is not located here; sey told him it was all sheer nonsense his of the attention she attracted, she sung on, and the Erie railroad, with its countless being sick, and, for her part, she couldn't with a quiver of the voice which made us see what reason men ever had to be ill. | think there were tears in her eyes, while There were no sweets at this house, so the occasionally the notes would swell out clear and pathetic, as her memories rushed back Another fly comes in my other ear, and | (or so we fancied) more irresistibly to the "fader land," recollections of which were bringing those simple, but heartfelt words

People smiled, but mostly a sympathetic, worn. Last year's bonnets are all the go, savings and poured them in his lap. The gentle smile, which proved the crowd, after dresses are well turned, and ankles invari- look of affection he bestowed upon her all, not indifferent to the incident. We | "I TELL you for the last time, Bertha was worth more than all of Mrs. Fussey's | thought this little touch of natural acting | Holmes, you shall give me an answer. It Everybody knows all about everybody diamonds. Mrs. Kindly always has cam- almost equal to some of the artistic efforts must be a satisfactory one, too." else, and, strange to say, nobody knows phor and a handkerchief ready when her of the charming prima donna, who makes those of a pleading lover, as he bent over her audience smile and weep as she will.

and there doubtless arose a feeling of kin- hear you give me your word to be my wife." THE NAVAJOES: INDIAN GRATITUDE; THE and told me all about his neighbor, and bestow a trifle on the street sweeper at the ship, transient though it was, in the hearts of many, for the artless German woman, whose sentiments had stolen so unadvised

CONDENSED HOMO-LIES.

BY THE "FAT CONTRIBUTOR."

He was born at Rome in his infancy, and upon arriving at the estate of his manhood, it was that came from the thin, proudly became a Roman. He was a fighter and | turned lips; for Wilfred Earle was a handa warrior of some note. His friend Bru- some man, and many a girl wondered why tus one morning asked him how many eggs he had eaten for breakfast, and he replied, "Is that your opinion, Bertha? Now let "Et tu, Brute!" His friend became en- me give you mine. In the first place, I do raged at being called a brute, and stabbed | not shrink from contemplating a speedy Cæsar quite dead.

MAHOMET -- Author of the Koran, an exciting romance which he wrote in the in a gaze of wonderment. Mammoth Cave at Mecca. He was the author of a religious creed with which he | not care at all for you. You must have seen stuffed turkey, and tried to get up a broil | that; and, since I have condescended to exin Greece, but failed. Many of his early ing you the coffers of my treasure-house are followers suffered great persecutions. Some | running low, and the Holmes pelf would of them were burnt at the stake. He had acceptably replenish them. In other words, three temples—one at Mecca, and one on Bertha, I am going to marry you for your each side of his head.

GENERAL DUKE OF WELLINGTON-An officer of the British army. Mr. Longfel- cushions of the chair, with her sickened soul low makes honorable mention of him as looking out of her eyes; the color receding. will be because my money runs out, and the country, and that their whole time is the "Warden of the Cinque Ports." Cinque means five, and he was the protector of five principal points, usually denominated | changeful face. Five Points. He lived to a ripe old age and died.

GUY FAWKES-A warm-hearted, impulsive Englishman, who believed the Parlia- You can have my money, since it is that you ment too good for this earth, and devised | want!" Oh, the stinging contempt in her scarcely toddle along; he looks ashamed of an expeditious method of elevating the tones! "And I, as an undesirable auxilihimself, and I wonder if the owner of that | members to a better sphere. He was in- ary, will leave your house, that, during the terrupted in his good intentions, but for which circumstance he doubtless would | She essayed to pass him, but he caught have made a great noise in the world. He her slender wrist in his strong grasp. was executed for his disinterested benevolence, and was subsequently burned in a place called Effigy.

siderable responsibility in the French na- | should you prove obstinate, measures will tion. The impression went abroad that he was ambitious, which damaged his reputa- | no possibility of being thwarted." tion materially. He gained the respect | Then, with his most elaborate bow, and and admiration of the French nation, be | pleasant smile, he held the door for her to cause, happily, he was not a Frenchman. pass. She made no reply, but shot him a When asked if he thought he could govern through, with the high-headed pride that THE fashion magazines have got so they | France, he replied, "of Corsican." The | became her so well. see the celebrated spot by a deputation of terms, * * * but with one exception we failed to secure them, for reasons, no doubt, the citizens and I good when the state of the "young ladies, from five to ten years of beginning, but there was more of it in a

MEMORIA IN ETERNA.

BY ST. JOHN.

Dead 1 dead 1 So to-night it comes up again-Up once again till it chokes my breath; Shall it be conqueror, shall I give up Flinging myself in the arms of death?

Oh, the heart crushing, unutterable feeling-Springing like sun-entranced dew from the sod-Can I say, down with it! Can I, by kneeling, Ease the great load by calling to God?

Dead! dead! Under snowdrifts and ghastly, All that I worshiped, oh! all that I blest,-Dead she is lying and moldering away, Only the marble cross over her rest.

Only the marble cross! Cross of the Savior, Cross of the wayward, oh, cross of the poor! I will still cling to thee-be thou my Savior While all human joys fiee away from my door. Oh, God! the straggle—the heart and mind strug-

Mind pleads "be cheerful; forget ye the past-" And heart only speaketh to name the beloved! Name that is sacred as long as I last!

Oh, it is hard to live-harder than dying: World's awful power oft, oft drags me down; Then, strug'ling climb I back, up to my hill-top, Where I can faintly see glistening, the Crown

The Lover Fiend.

BY JULIA SOUTHERN.

Wilfred Earle's eyes were very unlike

the girl's averted face. "You hear me, Bertha? Very well; I shall wait just five minutes by my watch to A shudder thrilled visibly over the delicate frame of the fair-faced, golden-haired girl; then, the violet-blue eyes were lifted in

tearful expostulation. "I wish I could, Mr. Earle; I wish I could. I have tried to learn to love you, but

"You can't, I suppose you mean to say? I was not aware I was so distasteful to vou.' His lips curled in a faint, sneering smile.

"No, you are not distasteful-oh, Mr.

Earle, can't you understand that, to marry a Julius Cæsar-Son of old man Cæsar. | person you feel no love for, is dreadful to Then he laughed; a not unmusical laugh

> Bertha Holmes, his ward, would so persist marriage with you, as I ought to, I suppose, according to your very womanly theory."

Her eyes were fixed upon him as he spoke, "Because, Bertha," he continued, "I do plain so much, I may as well finish, by tellmoney. The five minutes are up. Your

But the girl only shrunk back among the then flooding back to her face. Wilfred Earle just patted his foot against the soft Aubusson carpet, his eyes fixed on her

Then she suddenly sprung to her feet, a smile of new-born strength and resolve beaming on her face.

"Mr. Earle, I refuse you and your hand. fourteen years it has been my stopping-place, never has been my home."

"Bertha, you dare not do this thing!

swear you shall marry me; and be the mistress of St. Earle's. Now, be so kind as to retire to your room, whither you will not Bonaparte I.—A harum-scarum sort of leave until you can give me the required a fellow, who occupied a position of con- promise. And, please bear in mind, that, be adopted to coerce you. When an Earle attempts to accomplish an object, there is

glance of speechless scorn as she walked

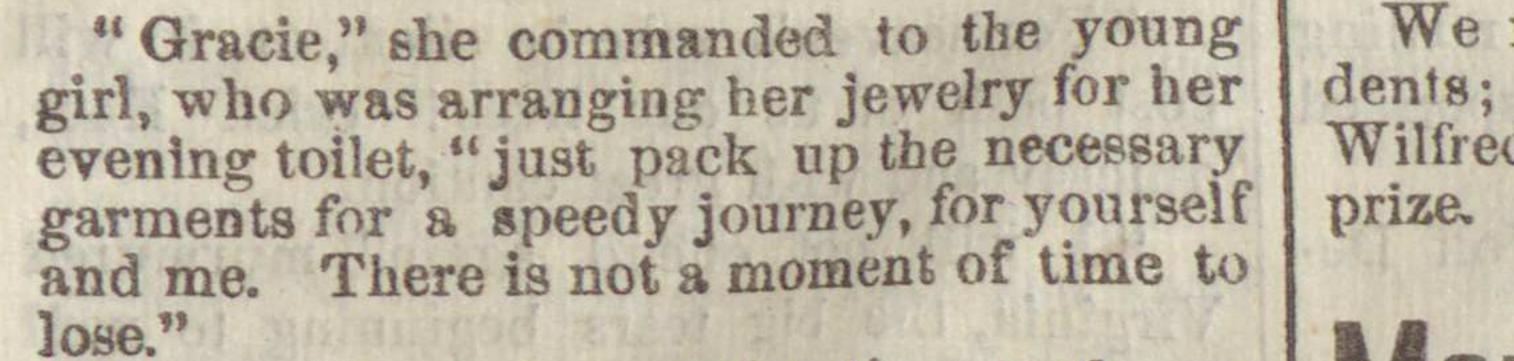
retreating figure; then re-entered his library. and sat himself down in the easy-chair she had just vacated, with a sardonic smile on

ones would captivate me! I wonder what comes Mrs. Wilfred Earle, Bertha will not

of a wealthy old sea-captain, who, on account of his long, dangerous voyages, had ap-

He was dead now, they all supposed, as at noon; the stir of Fulton; and the din of | number, already have engagements with | mamma's fashionable friends. Poor little | a common expression, but how many there | no news had been heard from him or his brig, the "Bertha," for a year or more; and poor Bertha, in the first burst of grief, realized how lonely a life she must lead, alone burg is nothing to it: really, it is so quiet | Punchinello's failure to obtain them. | them for what they have lost. The lily | A mistern hero, but very illiterate. He | in the elegant house at St. Earle's, with only here I can distractly hear the voice of my | Few journals in America have been so has been painted, the rose adorned; in formerly signed his name with a capital B, old Mrs. Burden, the housekeeper, and Gracie, her own maid, for companions. Wilfred Earle she had ever held in awe; but squares off. You'd hardly believe it—the partment as the SATURDAY JOURNAL. In less joy, there is studied beauty and meas- words, "his mark." In consequence of now, from the first reception of the news wagon that went down-street day before Beat Time, Joe Jot, Jr., Washington | ured happiness. The drop of dew that | this, the sobriquet of His Mark was bestowed | that Capt. Holmes was lost at sea, she had

Little by little she came to know that the master of St. Earle's intended to marry her; and her heart told her why. She was thinking of all this when she



She vouchsafed no explanation to the astounded girl, who, in duty bound, immedi-

ate y set to work. Then, an hour later, attired in hat and furs, she went down to the library to tell Wilfred Earle her decision.

At the door, she met him. There was no surprise in his face, no displeasure as he greeted her.

"What, Bertha? I thought you were to remain in your own apartments until-or, perhaps you have come to tell me you relent and consent?"

She tossed her head just a little. their rooms at the will of a man."

his jetty moustache.

oughly in earnest I am."

stove, and smiled as he rung the bell.

ment of her intended journey."

in Wilfred's arms.

her to her room. You had better undress own funeral?

vived from the effects of the chloroform, | in." Every eye, at that instant, was fixed | one. Still, thus far in his own experience, | Lethe. Wilfred Earle was standing over her.

tha; you see how utterly powerless you are. seat, near the door, lay an overcoat and hat. ready thought of it as his suicide), to his sis- future from which we need seek to know no talent, but impoverished and unhappy. The I have sent for the minister to ride over and | His instinct assured him that these had been | ter, Mrs. Bowen. Dear, pretty, careless lit- | more of him—that "bourne from whence | old man died shortly after the Tunnecliffes' marry us; Grace is preparing a dress in your left there by the suicide, who had leaped the Susie would almost break her heart over no traveler returns"—the other to enact a return to America; his daughter came over, room; this drug—" and he held it up, "will bareheaded and coatless into the water, it. True, she was thoughtless and improvi- new tragedy or comedy, as the fates should first to Baltimore, then to New York; but put you in a condition that will answer my purpose most effectively. You will be conscious, can move, walk, smile, talk; but your will-power can be controlled at my will. Now, Bertha, there is no use resisting, you see that. Keep quiet and comfortable,

till I return." As he spoke, he sprinkled a few drops of a deliciously fragrant liquid in her face. Then she saw him turn away, and leave the room. She lay there, wondering why her heart did not break; wondering where Grace was: wondering why the minister did not Tuen she arose, and called her maid, who

came in, a white dress trailing over her "Mr. Wilfred said I was to dress you was

when you called, Miss Bertha." And Bertha; she stood up, and suffered Grace to attire her; and the housekeeper came up, and she and Grace arranged a

trunkful of traveling necessities. Mrs. Burden and Grace had gone into Wilfred's dressing-room, when Wilfred himself came up, a flash of triumph in his face,

a strange smile in his eyes. "Bertha," he said, coldly. But she made no answer; she only sat gazing out the window; then he noticed that she seemed half-sleeping, and a frown gath-

ered on his face. "I gave her too much, confound it! And now I must wait till it wears off!" A loud, imperious noise in the hall arrest-

ed his attention. "Where's Wil. Earle? where's my Bertha, hey?"

A spasm of mortal pain contracted his forehead, as he listened, trembling in every "Good Heavens! has Captain Holmes

arisen from the dead to thwart it all!" to a large closet, the first at hand; then, | which he put in their place, and had hardly | means of leading her husband into dishon- | mortals. turning the key, and putting it in his pocket, completed the disguise, when the crowd be- orable risks, and when there had been high We need not detail, step by step, how he whom I had deceived; I once had brought

Commodore! where's my gal?"

the lower landing.

land lubber, you! Where's Bert.?"

by the fire; she'll be in soon!" suffered himself to be led in the dining-hall; out on the fire-deck, and kept his face from | young man brooded, which gave him a feel- posely disreputable, so long as he paid, the | breakfast at a station, and was ready with and then Wilfred turned apologetically to the light.

or so, Captain H-"

stealin' any thing."

Oh, sir, she's a-groanin' awful!" tha's room, Mrs. Burden met them, wring- | He could hardly make an errand there now, | man poor and disgraced. She would run | two years which he spent, with his sister, in | at this time. When I read the paragraph, ing her hands in agony.

"God! Bertha, Bertha, I am come to save | leaped ashore.

him, and to tell her horrible story.

THE BROKEN BETROTHAL.

BY MRS. M. V. VICTOR,

"WHO OWNED THE JEWELS," ETC.

CHAPTER XVI.

HOW AND WHY.

believe that he was pleased with it.

muttered. without his ticket. There were not half a the city bell.

leave this house, unless you go out on my than any other human being; but, alas! on hundred dollars in greenbacks. not what of foulness or disease might cling night, going up to Newport as a sailor, and

upon the water, waiting for some glimpse of he felt no regret, save a sharp pang at the Two men, that night, had passed, each brilliant child, while he did many favors for "Do not speak, you are in my hands, Ber- that which was never to reappear. Upon a thought of the shock of his suicide (he al-

We need not dwell further on the inci- great personal and mental advantages, affi- her own, and that she graced it by her love- the unchecked growth of hair and beard,

zation; the night-train was going out, the | the rest of his body was cold as ice. Such | square to obtain a glimpse of her at the winbell rung, and he had only time to dash | thoughts were not conducive to sleep, and | dow, or alighting from the carriage on her

arm as my bride, or be carried out dead! that very boat was some other unknown, When he stepped out on the platform at | to them. The coat did not fit him well, and | hanging about the beach, where he could There, now you fully comprehend how ther- wretched creature more desperate than he; Newark, he had taken a new resolution. Here, on for, even as he leaned there, clenching his | Since he was not on a Fejee Island, the | there was no one to observe, he took off his | being a witness of the scene between her He had advanced near to her, so near she | teeth and hands, came that loud cry to the | best place in which to conceal himself | hat and examined it, as well as he could by | and Randolph, he first began to suspect that felt his hot breath on her cheeks; then a pilot—"Man overboard!"

would be the great city from which he had pungent, deathly odor filled her nostrils; Then occurred that rush to the end of the just fled. He had heard of men, whom the and decent enough; there was no name in tions. she grew dizzy, then faint, then reeled. | boat which already has been described. | officers of justice were in search of, conceal- | it, save that of the maker. Wilfred threw the tiny vial in the open | Ward did not join in the crowd. A cold | ing themselves for months, successfully, | Presently he began to feel a curiosity | stances gave him a hint of the reason which thrill ran through his veins as he listened. | scarcely a stone's throw from their former | about this unknown wretch, in whose gar- | had induced her to send him that note. "Gracie, your mistress has fainted, I think | The same impulse had been upon him, only | haunts. If they, why not he, after whom | ments he was disporting; he pitied him, | breaking their engagement. Once with the from the heat of the room, and the excite- he had not been quite miserable enough to no pursuit would like to know if he clue in his hand, he followed it up with obey it. At the same instant, a curious | cers do not pursue dead men," he very sage- | left wife or child; for, if so, he felt the im- | steady persistency. Maud's exclamation,

to be ill; these faints often precurse sick- one, to resolve this idea, he might have re- himself up in a corner of the waiting-room, in nothing, excepting a half-emptied bottle misrepresentations she had made to Miss | jected it; but, acting on the first impulse, | tried to sleep. Knowing that he looked like | of laudanum. Not a scrap of paper, no | Arnold. An honr after that, when Bertha had re- he slid into the deserted "gentlemen's cab- a suspicious character, he began to feel like card, purse, handkerchief—only the bottle of He had known Antoinette in Paris, where

girl, who was arranging her jewelry for her | dents; suffice it that Bertha was saved, and | anced to a beautiful girl, and with a name | liness, while yet she shone above it like a | with the change in their color, the difference evening toilet, "just pack up the necessary | Wilfred Earle thwarted of his dress, and such other artibe proud. Now he was nobody; he had ed to regard her. He had gazed into her fices as he could adopt, rendered him toleracast away his own identity. Homeless, eyes, until in their dark-blue depths he had bly secure against casual recognition. friendless, penniless, and nameless! Abso- beheld heaven itself, and had resolved to Much of his life for the succeeding fifteen lutely nameless, isolated from what had purify himself for this sweet companionship. months already is in narrative. He quietly been his world. The sensation was a novel Maud! Maud! if it had been any one but pursued his calling, only disturbed by the one, and the young man tried savagely to her, he should have expected it! What a necessity for great watchfulness in avoiding fool he had been! Because he desired to former acquaintances—and by a restless "If I were only on one of the Fejee Is- | see perfection in her, he believed that she | longing and jealousy, which all his pride lands, now, all would be as it should be," he possessed it. Well, his pride wanted hum- and anger could not stifle, which led him to bling, no doubt, and, God knew, it was haunt the vicinity of Maud's home. He The whistle of a locomotive reminded | humbled enough. The note and the ring | said to himself that he was indifferent to AUTHOR OF "THE DEAD LETTER," "FIGURE EIGHT," | him that he was still in the center of civili- | made a burning spot over his heart, but all | her, yet he would linger for hours in the

through the gate, and jump on the last car | he heard each quarter as it was struck by | return from some evening amusement. The same feelings induced him to observe sharpdozen persons in the car, and the lamps | Our hero was never more self-deceived by the habits and doings of the man who, "No, sir; I came to tell you I am going | As Ward Tunnecliffe leaned over the rail- | burned dimly. The train was approaching | than when he said to himself that his pride | he supposed, would shortly marry Miss Arto leave your roof forever. In these days | ing of the Colden's deck, on that night of ac- | Newark before the conductor reached him; | was humbled: it was never more fierce and | nold; and, in this manner, he became aware young ladies do not enjoy being ordered to | cumulated wretchedness, upon which he had | in the mean time, he had found a stray bill | intractable than at that very moment. It | that he was a gambler, and that he was delearned the dishonesty of his partner, and | in his vest-pocket, with which to pay his | was pride which had driven him into this | ceiving the circle of his New York friends. His white teeth gleamed a moment under | the unfaithfulness of his affianced, he had | fare. His great fear was that the conductor | curious isolation, while jealousy gnawed at | Now, although Ward persuaded himself that · | not, at first, contemplated suicide. The | might recognize him; but, as he had never | his vitals, he ignoring the pain, and cheat- | he despised Maud, he could not think of al-"Yes. Nevertheless, I am under the ne- | temptation came to him, as he grew dizzy | before been on the night-train, and the felt | ing himself into believing that he was | lowing her to marry a man of that character cessity of repeating my order. Bertha with the rush of foam and water and the hat was drawn over his face, as if he wished amused with his experiment. Holmes,"-here he dropped his mockingly | crackle of shivered ice. It would be such | to sleep, he escaped that danger. He had | Even in the midst of these engrossing | When the Arnolds went to Newport, after polite tones, and his eyes grew black as a an easy way of ridding himself of this sud- time, before reaching the station, to examine passions, his nice sense of personal exclu- they had been absent a few weeks, his unthunder-gust, "there need be no play be- | den burden which was crushing him. He | his inside-pocket wallet, and was not dis- | siveness made him loathe the touch of the | controllable impulses got the better of him. tween us! I declare to you, you shall never | thought himself more ill-used and unhappy | pleased to find that it contained about three | strangely-borrowed garments. He knew | and he too took a short holiday of a fort-

White and still Bertha lay, half reclining | thought, or impulse, took possession of him. | ly reflected. Why not die, to the world, and yet, live in I twas now after eleven; before daylight Overcoming, as much as possible, his dis- nival, helped him materially to his conclu-"Mrs. Burden will assist you to remove | reality, an attendant, as it were, upon his | the western express would pass on its way | taste to a closer contact with the coat, he | sions; but it was not until after Antoinette to New York; he told the station-master | felt, in all its pockets, for some clue to the | Sevigne went to Mrs. Farwell's to board her and get her to bed. She may be going If he had had two moments, instead of that he was going back on that, and, curling identity of the suicide. His search resulted that he obtained the whole story of the

> he did not know of her presence in the city. It seems that Randolph was better acquainted with her, and when he saw that his rival had been successful in his suit, one of the first of his many disgraceful plots, in his determination to break up the match, was to bribe his pretty French cousin (who had told him of their former acquaintance) to undertake the part which she acted with such spirit. He had obtained a carte de visite of young Tunnecliffe, from which a larger copy had been taken on enamel, painted, and inclosed in a gold locket. Antoinette, who evidently always had cherished a passion for Ward, and who was fiercely jealous of Miss Arnold, entered willingly into the

It was doubtless his resemblance to himself, which, unknown to her, led her afterward into such an attachment to Duncan, whom she only believed to be what he ap-

Ward, sitting on the sofa in the sunlit parlor, holding Maud's hand in his own, and telling all this rapidly to Mrs. and Miss Arnold, was very effective in those passages where he dwelt on his great love for Maud, which he had fought against in vain; he laughed at his attempts at self-deception, when he had persuaded himself that it was dislike, and not the strongest jealousy, which had led him to keep such watch over her. The mother quite gave way to tears, and his own eyes were not dry, when he spoke of the effect upon him, when he heard of Maud's illness, of her constant love for him, and that her friends doubted her sanity because she asserted her belief that he was

"I felt that I must run like a madman, storm the door, burst in upon you all and avow the truth. But the knowledge of her frail health warned me against such a shock. Moreover, something was due to the friends tour through Germany, Switzerland and It-



into that part of the boat; and when they brother.

yet he must go somewhere.

He seized Bertha's arm, and thrust her in- He quickly exchanged these for his own, | dent, and her extravagance had been the | dictate, on a new arena, not that of the im- I knew that I must proceed more cautiously. went down the stairs to meet the unwelcome | gan to return to their seats to discuss the | words between the two men, in her presence, | got back to the city without recognition, | them very conspicuously before the public; melancholy circumstance. He glided, un- that evening at dinner, she had sided with how he took obscure lodgings from which, I did not wish to act the farce over. "Shiver my timbers if I don't see some- | perceived, into the fore-cabin, where he kept | her husband, and was bitter and sarcastic | for many days, he dared to venture only at | thought the best and most discreet way was thing aboard o' this craft! Ahoy, there, as much as possible in shadow, fearful that | upon her brother, throwing the entire blame | night, and how he succeeded in considera- | to have the denoument in a foreign land—to some one might get a chance to recognize | upon him; but, she was his sister, his only | bly changing his personal appearance, by | allow rumors to reach our friends by de-That was the first greeting Capt. Holmes | the appropriated clothing. He heard many | near relative, and with all her feminine | darkening his hair and complexion, and alvouchsafed Wilfred Earle, as they met on of the remarks made, and already began to faults, was very near to him, as he to her. lowing his beard to grow over his face at married, and had completed our weddingexperience some of the unpleasant conse- He knew now, thinking it over, that she will. "Captain Holmes! can it be possible I | quences of his rash proceeding. The dis- | would be frightfully afflicted for a short | The money he had with him enabled him | aly, and were once more back in New York, have the pleasure of seeing you alive | covery of the suicide's hat and coat, on the | time, and reproach herself, and hug her dar- | to pay his way, and, though, doubtless, ob- | the buzz of gossip would have subsided, and vacant seat, gave free flow to conjecture and | ling little boy, Ward, his namesake, to her | served with some suspicion on account of | we could be happy in peace." "You don't see me dead, I reckon, you gossip. People were too much excited to heart, and drop burning tears on his golden his want of employment, and keeping his He looked into Maud's face as he uttered heed him particularly, in his shabby coat | curls. However, she had a husband and | room through the day, he was charitably | the last bold sentence, and was not displeas-

"Just stepped out for a walk. Come in, and hat. Indeed, they did not at first come | child'; she would soon forget the lost | supposed to be nothing more than some | ed at the blush which overspread it. By gambler, or forger, hiding from the detec- this time, Mr. Arnold had succeeded in al-With a subdued growl, Captain Holmes | did begin to straggle to the front, he went | There was another idea over which the | tives; and as he had chosen lodgings pur- | laying the hunger remaining after a hasty | ing of absolute joy. It was not a pure joy, | mistress was not disposed to "peach." Not | his part of the explanation: Several persons made remarks to him | but of that bitter, unhealthy kind, of which | even when his likeness appeared (an excel- | "I received a letter from Mr. Bowen, as I "If you could excuse me twenty minutes | about the tragic incident, which he was | human nature becomes capable when some | lent caricature) in the pictorial weeklies, | have already stated to Ward, giving some forced to answer, in order not to appear | injustice has turned its honey into gall. If | was he ever associated in the least with it. | singular information which would have ren-"Go! go! you needn't be afeard o' my strange. "Hadn't a dime left to buy him- he returned to the city, he would watch His occupation, during those dreary days of dered me certain that David Duncan was a self a drink with, I reckon," said one. | Maud Arnold was a traitor's name, | confinement, was reading what was said | dangerous impostor, had not a little fact in With white lips, and lurid eyes, Wilfred | "Mabbe the police was after him with sharp | and he should have known it from the first! | about himself and his family, and sneering | the postseript taken strong possession of my Earle set off post-haste to the minister's sticks, and he didn't like the notion of be- His eyes should be often upon her when she at the weakness of human nature, (without mind. I well recollected a conversation I house, to countermand his summons, lit- | ing up in the papers," added another. "Oh, | knew it not. He would mark what manner | applying his homilies to himself!) This | once held with Ward, about the time his attle recking the return he would make at St. | that's nothin', nowadays," remarked a third; | of man would be her next choice. Doubt- | kind of life soon grew too tiresome to be en- | tentions to our daughter were growing "I wouldn't mind it a bit. Forgery and less it would be that contemptible scion of | dured. As he was now a bitter condemner | marked, in which he avowed his belief that A second after he had gone, Grace came | fraud is quite the fashion, very aristocratic, | chivalry, Randolph. Women were all sel- | of fashionable society, and the ways and | every healthy young man ought to learn a bounding in, her cyes dilating with terror, as the big-bugs say. It's a credit to a man fish, even his own sister Susie; and because morals of the rich, he resolved to identify trade, no matter how fine his education or her mouth apart in the extremity of her | to fail, if he only smashes up big enough. | this Baltimorian had been introduced to her | himself with the working-class—to become | how brilliant his prospects, and stating that That young feller was a fool!—to go and | with a grand flourish of social trumpets, | a bona fide toiler, earning his daily bread by | he had carried his belief into practice. 'I "Oh, sir! for God's sake come quick! make way with himself. He ought to have | Maud had become greedy for an excuse to | the sweat of his brow, mingling with honest | am as good a cabinet-maker as there is in She's dying in the closet! Miss Bertha is a considered it a feather in his cap if he had break with him! He could see just how workers, and doing his best in a sphere of the land,' he said, laughing. While I adsmothering and we can't unlock the door! failed. Don't you say so, comrade?" to our | the thing had worked. She had heard some | life as far as possible removed from former | mired his principles, I could hardly consent hero. "A big fool," he answered, curtly, rumor of the coming failure, perhaps of the influences. Now came into use that skill to them, for I am, as you know, a little pre-Captain Holmes had rushed up the stairs | turning away from these men. He thought | abused credit, and had seized the opportuni- | which he had acquired, while abroad, as a | judiced in favor of the nobility of leisure at the very first word; at the door of Ber- over his contemplated errand to Newark. ty to break the tie which bound her to a worker in fine cabinet-work. During the and culture; but, no matter about my ideas no risk in doing so, of failing of a better | Paris, he had devoted many of his idle hours | this conversation returned to me, and along There! there! sir; only the key's got | In the mean time the boat was again un- | suitor, for it was evident to all concerned, | to mastering a trade. This was partly ow- | with it a return of the sudden conviction I der way, approaching the Jersey City slip. | that Mr. Reginald Randolph was infatuated | ing to a great taste which he had for that | had felt, when I met a certain young man She pointed to the closet door, and with Young Tunnecliffe, no longer himself, dead | with her. All women were selfish triflers, | kind of labor, and also to a theory of his | at my banker's in Paris. I did not attempt one wrench of his lion hand, Capt. Holmes | yet alive, in the garments of an unknown, | looking out with a sharp eye for the best | that every man, however independent, should | to explain to myself why he should be masdashed it open. Within, leaning against the himself a stranger to his own disguise, with bargain, and an unlimited supply of future provide himself against contingencies by querading in this fashion; I only said, 'It wall, was Bertha, his child, white as a sheet- a curious feeling of mingled freedom and dress-goods; and yet, he had thought Maud learning a trade. Susie had laughed and is Ward, after all, and I'm resolved to find ed ghost, the pitiful moans welling up from | bondage, worked his way through the pres- of a nobler quality. Yes! he had not loved | scolded; but he had persevered in his idea, | him within a week.' Whether I should sure, to the front, and was the first who her for her beauty, delicate and proud as it until, with much pleasant triumph, he had thank him for the trouble he had made us, was; nor for her girlish charm of manner, presented her with some exquisite speci- cut his acquaintance, or forgive him, I did To call New Jersey a "foreign land" is a her accomplishments, her pretty dresses and mens of his workmanship. Therefore, be- not attempt to decide; the first thing was, The tears coursed down his rough, beard- stale joke to New Yorkers, but it indeed elegant surroundings. These were all well, ing already fitted for this calling, he natural- to see him and hear him, and leave the rest ed face, as he laid her tenderly on the bed, seemed a foreign land to him, as he paused and belonged to her as a matter of right; ly chose that of a cabinet-maker. He used to fate. I started for Paris with this deterand bathed her with cold water, until she in the ferry-house, and strove, against the but he had believed her of a nature as pas- to have a reputation among his friends, as mination. On the morning after my arrival revived to almost faint with joy to behold | whirl of his brain, to recollect who and | sionate as his own, finer, more exalted, to | an artist of no mean powers, and, by adding | I went to Munro's to ascertain if the name what he was. "Who and what?"—he which love could come but once, to awaken beautiful little pictures to the other fine fin- of David Duncan was still upon their books, "Let him go, dearest father! Take me | laughed one of those low laughs more ap- and develop all the possibilities of sense, ishing of his handiwork, he rendered it | when, whom should I see, looking over the away with you, please, father, and let him palling than groans. In the morning he soul and spirit. That she moved in a fash- more costly and desirable. By the time files of New York journals, but the very had been a flourishing banker—young, with | ionable world, whose aims were beneath | when he applied to Smith & Co., as related, | man I was after? I went and stood near

would produce. Presently he looked up. I | ble as the one he had lost. St. Bernard, I was obliged to meet that gentleman and explain to him why his suit must be abruptly terminated. He behaved well-was glad that Mademoiselle Arnold was to be restored to happiness, (for my part, I should like him better for a son-inaw than this romantic runaway,) but, girls will have their way. Don't pout, Maud-St. Bernard behaved most creditably, and endeavored to conceal his disappointment. I shall always like and admire him.

"Then, to finish up the business, as I was walking, next day, with Ward-who was impatiently waiting for me to attend to some affairs of my own before leaving Paris-I encountered Randolph. He turned a sickly green when he saw who was my companion, and was passing on with a bow, when I detained him a moment. 'Sir,' I said, 'I have | a letter from Mr. Bowen. Your French cousin has betrayed you. I do myself the justice to bring our acquaintance to a close.' He had a very unpleasant expression, but did not make any answer."

"Yesterday was one of the longest days closed his narration. "I persuaded your | up the gloom of the wigwam. father to take the night-train, and put him-

the last of our melodrama." "I think, myself," said Mr. Arnold, half angry and half rejoiced, "that the sooner you make an end of so foolish a play the ha. better. Let the last scene be a wedding, of course-last scenes always are! Maud, I'll give you five thousand francs to go out and buy the dress and vail—and give you a week to get them made up. I'm tired of this."

"Let us go hack to Paris, then, at once," cried Ward, growing wonderfully and shawls. There will be a return train him," chanted the solemn voice of the old laughed, with fierce joy, when, puzzled Ohio. A man whose skin is white but impulsively. this afternoon. Poor Susie! I wish she Indian. were here to go with us. She likes shopping better than any other earthly employment-she would be so delighted, little darling!"

enough for our expedition," answered the | glade.

"Nay, Ward, you have not done Susie been very sad about you; and she will be to the ground. the happiest woman on the face of the earth when she hears of your safety. Only. we must be very cautious in breaking the all living things shrunk from. good tidings."

"Yes, yes, I will see to that," remorse- nee nation stood the Wolf Demon! fully: "it was a shame, I know. My In his paw he held the death dealing | Great Medicine Man, and the sudden apwhole course has been absurd. But, I can tomahawk, whose edge, even now, was. pearance of the terrible scourge of the not change it by repentance. I will write | crusted red with Shawnee blood. afraid he and I will never coalesce. I the mind of the Shawnee warrior. with him! However, for Susie's sake I each other. shall restrain myself. Dear Susie! You'll Then, swift as the flash of the lightning, upon his breast, told of the manner of his "Where am I?" Virginia asked.

Mrs. Arnold?" her to walk with him by the sea.

"No danger of that. My old self fits | The keen scalping-knife cut deep into | die so soon. I'm better satisfied with myself than I de- flesh in its passage, only hide and hair. serve to be."

longed-what a new blue there was in the | slight flesh-wound. sky, and new meaning in the whisper of The two closed in together in mortal the party that had pursued the Wolf De- "Is there not some one whom you love? the ocean as it melted at their feet, youth, conflict. love and happiness alone can understand. | Alarmed by the war-cry of the chief, | trace the terrible being through the forest. | "Yes, that is true," said Virginia, mourn- | Kate. Only one shadow fell across the brightness | the Shawnee warriors came pouring into | Calmly the chief addressed the council. | fully, "but, for the moment, the thoughts | "There was one," and as Virginia spoke of that perfect day, for Maud; and that the wigwam. wretched, in Paris.

his dreams only long enough to reveal to gle. him the possibilities of his own nature. Amazed, the warriors paused. In the dress of the great chief. ferred, a philosopher. Let us hope that together—was friend or foe. he consoled himself after the manner of a The combatants paid no heed to the en- In this the chief was supported by every | home and friends and bringing you here." true Parisian.

The next day there was a shopping ex- they in their terrible struggle. pedition to la belle Paris; but the Arnolds For a moment the Indians stood like blood of the white-skins. were too much pleased with their sea- statues, gazing in bewilderment upon the The council broke up, and earnestly shore residence to desert it, and there all strange scene before them. the preparations for the marriage were Then, actuated by a sudden thought, readiness for the coming fight. made, and there it took place, not a month one of the Shawnees—wiser than his fel- It was arranged that the expedition was "Have you no suspicions as to who this lost to me forever." later, in sight and hearing of the eternal lows—dashed from the wigwam to the fire to start on the morrow, and that Point man is that pretended to rescue you from der the lighter melody of joy. St. Ber- cine Man. nard, chivalrous as any knight of olden | The chief snatched a flaming brand | council, and on its breaking up, walked, | "No," Virginia said.

nizing him. He did not perceive me for contrary, he exerted himself to make the the other. some moments. I was convinced of Ward's | occasion a merry one; and Mrs. Arnold, | By the light of the burning fagot the | Girty. existence, and that I saw him before me; in her admiration of his conduct, assured amazed Indians looked upon a fearful however, I thought I would notice what ef- him that if he would visit her, in America, scene. fect his sudden discovery of my presence | she would find him a bride quite as lova- | In the center of the wigwam, flat upon | "Well, I don't exactly know what to slowly from her lustrous brown eyes.

look of guilt; he sprung toward me, grasped | quite prepared for the occasion, and gave | nation. nold, and I will explain myself'—and I | world" thought he had, all this time, been | wolf and the face of a man. drew his arm within mine, walked out with | in Paris, and that Maud had met him there | The blood of the warriors congealed him to a restaurant, called for dinner, and by chance; and as he was more interest- within their veins as they looked upon the gave him the hour he asked for. He might | ing than ever, and seemed to have plenty | awful picture. aged Ward's property in the latter's ab- in the doorway of the lodge. sence. As for the other conspirators, they | With a howl of terror, the Shawnees vanished from the scene, and were wise scattered in fear, tumbling over each other Girty. enough not to again appear upon it.

RED ARROW,

THE END.

THE QUEEN OF THE KANAWHA.

BY ALBERT W. AIKEN, AUTHOR OF "ACE OF SPADES, "SCARLET HAND."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

A TERRIBLE ENCOUNTER.

QUIETLY the Indian chief drew the keen-edged scalping-knife from his girdle. and disappeared within its shadows. Every muscle in his massive frame was nerved for the coming contest.

of my life," said Ward, when Mr. Arnold mass of glowing embers, but faintly lighted wonder and alarm of the Shawnees when "Oh! it is so hard to keep back the joy | not to blame for the deeds of others. Live

The Medicine Man turned his back to had been in their midst. self to that discomfort to oblige me. So the chief, slowly disengaged himself from here we are, this morning, and may this be | the huge blanket wrapped around him, and | then held it up in the air.

Medicine Man from the eyes of Ke-ne-ha-

Darker and darker grew the gloom. vibrating with a strange accent.

slowly and undauntedly.

Then all was silent.

In the stillness, the throbbings of the "I think to-morrow will be quite soon | the brown deer falling upon the forest-

More and more dense grew the gloom. justice," said Maud, gravely; "she has of the Medicine Man from the chief dropped

The old Indian had disappeared.

Face to face with the chief of the Shaw-

to Bowen, and he will tell Susie all. The The eyeballs of the chief were distendshock won't hurt him any! except the grief ed with horror as he looked upon the aw- examining the wigwam, in one corner, "Oh, Heaven help me, then!" she mur- I am sure that your face does not deceive

would rather thrash him than shake hands | For a moment the foemen glared upon |

help me buy a shawl for her, will you not, the Wolf Demon leaped upon his destined | death and the doer of the deed.

said Maud, looking back and laughing as | tion pealed from the lips of Ke-ne-ha-ha, | Demon. she went for her wraps, for he had asked as he struck desperately at the huge form that sprung so fiercely upon him.

me too well for me to forsake it again. | the side of the Wolf Demon, but met no The tomahawk of the unknown being | up his wounds.

How delightful that walk on the shore came down upon the head of the chief, proved—how unaccountably it was pro- but glancing in its course, inflicted only a his principal warriors.

was the thought of St. Bernard, alone and In the gloom, they could only discover | encounter that he had had with the white | helpless situation." that two dark figures were grappling with man's devil. Declared that the charm was "Have you ever seen this man-Girty?" vine. In imagination she felt again the Peor St. Bernard! The light of this each other upon the ground that formed broken, and that the Wolf Demon no "No." bright star of the occident had shone upon | the floor of the lodge, in a furious strug- | longer was to be feared.

All was dark to him now; but—he was a darkness they could not tell which of the Frenchman, and, therefore, it may be in- two dark forms--interlaced so snake-like making an immediate attack upon the can not understand it. He must have vey Winthrop?"

trance of the warriors, so engrossed were | warrior within the council. All were | "I will tell you all the particulars."

him, without speaking, attentively scruti- | did not "mope" or look pensive. On the | ground had ceased. One had conquered | "Yes, there'll be a leaden hail rattling | "For heaven's sake be silent or it will

his back, and with the blood streaming think," said Girty, with a puzzled air. met his eye, but gave no sign. A flash of When Mr. and Mrs. Tunnecliffe arrived freely from a wound in his temple, lay Kejoy shone over his face, not at all like the | home, in the autumn, Mrs. Bowen was | ne-ha-ha, the great chief of the Shawnee | "Yes, and the warriors saw him when | terly lost."

my hand, made two or three efforts to speak | the fullest scope to inquiry and explana- | Over him, with his foot planted upon | wolf walking erect on its hind legs like a | a chance to escape from the toils that surbefore he succeeded in saying, 'How fortun- | tion, by having a magnificent party, and his breast, and the blood-stained tomahawk | man and with a human face." ate! I have looked for you until I gave up | telling everybody all about her brother's | upraised in menace in his hand, was the in despair. Only give me an hour, Mr. Ar- | running away in a fit of ill-humor. "The | terrible being that wore the shape of a | n't have been able to have seen it."

might have made out a worse one. Suffice Mr. Bowen made the best of what he could his position, with his foot placed in tri- a hole through him," said Girty, decidedly. asked Virginia, suddenly. it, that I gave him permission to amend his not help, warmly welcomed his former umph upon the body of the prostrate chief. ways. Then, as I had an appointment with partner, and requested his gratitude for the Then, with a hoarse yell of defiance, he admirable manner in which he had man- sprung forward upon the warriors gathered

in their fright.

Two quick and powerful strokes of the keen-edged tomahawk, and two more Shawnees were sent to the happy huntinggrounds.

Swift as the hunted deer ran the Wolf Demon through the Indian village.

their fright, and with the boldness that the fallen her, was surprised by the entrance of "Do not fear. I have heard too many sense of overpowering numbers gives, followed in pursuit.

The yells of the Indians rung out shrill | Kate. on the still night-air.

Increasing his speed at every stride, the Wolf Demon headed for the thicket.

Far in the rear followed the warriors. With a hoarse yell of defiance, the terrible figure gained the shelter of the wood, lips.

The little fire, now burnt down to a by the terrible outcry, and great was the are lost."

The blanket concealed the form of the | Wolf Demon 'vanished. He had disap- | hope." peared as utterly as if the earth had opened and swallowed him.

"Is the chief ready to see the Wolf De- they never dreamed of examining the oak said, slowly. They little thought that, even as they quickly. "I am a prisoner in the hands angel!" cried Kate, earnestly. "Yes," replied the Shawnee warrior, paused within the wood, in wonderment of the merciless red-men." and beaten, they took their way in sullen whose heart is red," said Kate; mournfully. anger back to the Indian village.

The Indians gone, the strange form de-Indian's heart seemed to his excited fancy | scended from his perch in the branches of | speak?" she asked. to make as big a noise as the footfall of | the oak, and, with a rapid but silent tread, | stole through the mazes of the forest.

pursuing the phantom form, others had his country and his race." The blanket that had concealed the figure | given their attention to the wounded chief. |

Ke-ne-ha-ha had suffered but little. Two ceived.

To his wondering warriors the chief impressively. told the story of the interview with the Shawnee nation, the Wolf Demon.

Then, to the horror of the savages, on her ears. he will feel at giving up that oil-stock. I'm ful form. But no thought of fear was in covered by a blanket, they found the Great | mured, "for I am in terrible peril."

The terrible tomahawk-cut on his head, ly; "you are in peril. A miracle alone have promised one who loves you dearly. and the totem of the Red Arrow carved can save you."

The Great Medicine Man of the Shaw- "Among the Shawnees!" "Don't melt into air in my absence," The wild war-note of the Shawnee na- nees had indeed been slain by the Wolf

By a miracle Ke-ne-ha-ha had escaped. "I have heard my father speak of him," the perils that now surround you, and give It was evidently not fated that he was to Virginia said, thoughtfully. "He bears a you safe and unharmed into his arms."

Ke-ne-ha-ha at once called a council of fight."

By the time the council had assembled. | danger!" cried Virginia.

The warriors took heart at the bold ad- lected you for his victim?"

white settlements along the Ohio. some motive in entrapping you from your

eager for the attack. All thirsted for the

the warriors donned their war-paint in The story puzzled her. She could not flushed with joy.

Girty and Kendrick had been in the into the hands of the second party?"

mon?" asked Kendrick, suddenly.

"The chief had a tussle with him." he fled through the village. A huge gray "No, do not despair; there may still be

"No, but what is it?" asked Girty. "Now you've got me," said Kendrick, with a dubious shake of the head.

"Man or devil, if he ever comes within "Well, the chief failed," observed Ken- | "No," replied Kate, her eyes seeking the drick. "He said that he struck his knife ground.

of blood was on the blade." "It's wonderful, to say the least," said

CHAPTER XXIX.

A FRIEND IN NEED. The warriors, recovering a little from | silently, over the hard fortune that had be- | think to wound you." a female form.

hopeless girl. In Kate she beheld a friend! knows it. It would be useless to deny the Queen checked Virginia's utterance, and my birth and my father's deeds have fixed the words of welcome died away upon her | upon me. I can not cast aside the shame

On the borders of the wood the Indians ly; "a loud word to betray to other ears it not enough to make me hate all the halted. All the village had been aroused | that we know each other, and both of us | world?"

they learned that the terrible Wolf Demon | that struggles to my lips," murmured Vir- | so that your life shall be a telling reproof ginia; "your presence here seems like a to those who would blame you for the acts After a short consultation, the warriors | ray of sunlight beaming full upon the dark | of your father. I do not think any the entered the thicket. But ten paces within | pathway through which runs the current of | worse of you because you are the daughter the wood all traces of the passage of the my life. Your face gives me life and of David Kendrick, the renegade. No, I

the fair girl with a mournful smile.

Keen-witted as the Shawnee chiefs were. "You are in great danger, lady," she here a captive in the hands of my ene-

and dismay, from his leafy covert in the "Yes, a prisoner in the hands of one deadly peril," said Virginia, simply.

Virginia gazed at Kate in wonder. "In heaven's name, of whom do you

"Of one to whom the hungry wolf is a lamb; of one who knows neither fear or you."

While some of the Indians had been pity. A white Indian; an outcast from

"A renegade?" slight cuts on the head, inflicted by the "Yes, you are a prisoner in his hands, tomahawk of the Wolf Demon-mere flesh not the captive of the Shawnees. Far save me?" asked Virginia, anxiously. In his place stood the terrible form that | wounds—were all the damage he had re- | better were it for you if the red Indians | held your fate in their hands," Kate said,

"And the name of this man?"

"Simon Girty." name of the dreaded renegade fell upon Virginia, impulsively. "I read in your

face that your heart is good and noble, and

Medicine Man dead! "Yes, you are right," said Kate, quick- "I will try and keep faith with you. I

"In the village of Chillicothe."

chief Ke-ne-ha-ha."

deadly hatred to the whites." Virginia listened with wonder to this Carefully they wiped the blood from the "Yes, he has sworn to drive the pale- strange speech. face and garments of the chief and bound | faces back from the Ohio. Even now the '"One who loves me dearly?"

savages are arming and preparing for the "Then my father and friends will be in

mon returned and told of their failure to yours?" asked Kate. He told of the dreadful hand-to-hand of their peril made me forget my own the tears came slowly into her eyes. Back

"No," again Virginia replied. Then Ke-ne-ha-ha urged the necessity of "Strange," said Kate, thoughtfully. "I

Then Virginia told the story of her ab-

Kate listened attentively. understand the double abduction.

around Point Pleasant soon," responded cost both of us our lives!" cried Kate, quickly and with great caution.

"What do you think of this Wolf De- | "I will not offend again," murmured Virginia, the big tears beginning to well "But, I have such a terrible weight pressing upon my heart. I feel that I am ut-

round you."

"It ain't a spook, 'cos the Injuns would- | "Oh! show me some way to escape and I will go down on my knees and thank you!" cried Virginia, earnestly. "I do not ask that," said Kate, with a

mournful expression in her dark eyes. "But, how is it that you are here in the have made out a better case, but, also, he of money, the past was politely ignored. For a moment the Wolf Demon held range of my rifle, I'll wager that I'll drill Indian village? Are you a prisoner, too?"

clean through his side, and yet not a drop | "I can not understand," said Virginia,

in wonder. "Do you not remember who and what I am?" asked Kate, a tinge of bitterness And then the two entered their wigwam. | perceptible in her tones. "Am I not Kate, the Queen of the Kanawha, the daughter of the pale-faced Indian, Dave Kendrick,

the renegade?" "Yes, yes, I remember now," said Vir-VIRGINIA, in the solitude of the wig- ginia; "I ask your pardon if my question wam, full of bitter thoughts and mourning, has given you pain. I did not intend or

bitter speeches in my short life to be galled Looking up in astonishment, she beheld now by a chance word. I can not be wounded by a random shot. I am the A cry of joy came from the lips of the daughter of a renegade; all the world A warning gesture from the Kanawha truth. I must bear patiently the stain that that clings to me and through no act of "Be careful, lady," said Kate, warning- mine. All the world despises me. Is

"No," said Virginia, softly, "you are rather pity you. I told you so when first Kate gazed into the upturned face of we met in the ravine near Point Pleasant, and I repeat the words, now that I am

mon?" asked the Medicine Man, his voice | branches that waved over their heads. | "Oh, I know that!" cried Virginia, "Oh, lady, you have the heart of an "No, I am only a poor weak girl in

"Ere the heart of the warrior can beat | branches above their heads, the terrible | who is more merciless than any painted | "Lady, I will try and save you from the animated. "Let Marie bring the bonnets ten, the Wolf Demon glared down upon them, and savage that roams the valley of the danger that surrounds you!" cried Kate,

"You will?" murmured Virginia, her face lighting up with joy. "Yes; can you guess why I am here?"

"No," Virginia replied, in wonder. "I am placed here by Girty to watch

"To watch me?" "Yes, so that you can not escape from Virginia shuddered at the terrible words. | the toils that his cunning has drawn around

> "And you will break faith with him and "Yes." "Heaven will surely bless you for the

act!" cried Virginia, quickly. "Perhaps I may need that blessing." said Kate, earnestly. Virginia's heart sunk within her as the "I am sure that you do not!" exclaimed

that, if you were within a hundred miles of the Ohio, neither swamp nor wood, house nor wigwam should hide you from me. I have kept that promise and have "Yes, this is the village of their great found you. But one more task remains for me to do, and that is, to save you from

"Yes, better, far, I think, than he does.

bis own life." "I can not understand," said Virginia, bewildered.

One who holds your plighted faith?" asked

to her memory came the scene in the rawarm, passionate kiss of the man she loved "You do not know then why he has se- so well; then, an instant after, saw him stretched bleeding and senseless upon the earth at her feet.

> "There is one now. You speak of Har-"Yes!" cried Virginia, almost breath-

"He is living." " Living?"

" Yes." Virginia sprung to her feet, her face "Oh! and I have mourned him as one

"By a happy chance I discovered him sea, whose monotone of music ran on un- that burned near to the lodge of the Medi- Pleasant should be the first station attacked. your first captors, but in reality led you in the ravine, helpless. Then I carried him

to my cabin and he is there now." "Is he wounded dangerously?" Virginia again. He told me that you were his citement or alarm. plighted wife, and I promised him that I "I must spit it right out, hey?" would find you if you were living and upon to find you a captive in the Shawnee vil- a powerful long pair of ears. I were a- her voice trembled as she spoke.

anxiously.

cessful or not," replied Kate, earnestly.

think of the many miles that intervene between me and my kindred. I fear I "Bout all you said to the little gal," re- in danger of slipping from his grasp. and the red savage?" Virginia asked, in I saw in your cabin t'other day, hey?"

well in the darkness as in the light. Trust | ing over another gal's feller." shall be saved."

Then, with a gesture of caution, Kate | the odd look. left the lodge.

CHAPTER XXX.

FATHER AND DAUGHTER.

As Kate left the lodge and turned to the situation?" right toward the river, she found herself suddenly confronted by her father, David Kendrick.

There was a peculiar grin upon the face of the renegade as he looked upon his girl from Girty?" daughter.

asked.

"Yes," Kate replied.

"Been making a neighborly call, hey? | thoughtfully.

Does the critter know you?" Kate felt that deception would be use-

less, so she answered truthfully.

"Where did you ever meet her?"

"At Point Pleasant." " How does she feel?"

" Badly, of course." "Well, that's nat'ral," said the renegade,

with another grin. "I should think so."

"I s'pose you told her that it would be all right—that the chances were that she would be taken back to the station 'fore | her from here." long, hey?"

"Yes, I did tell her so," Kate said, puzzled at the odd manner of her father.

I suight to set up to onc't fer a Great Medi- rival to him." cine Man," and the renegade laughed, discordantly.

Kate cast a searching glance into her strange conduct.

pass the renegade and proceed on her get him."

"Hold on, gal!" cried Kendrick, hastily. | stays here in the Indian village?" shot of any skulker, and then I'll talk to | that's his idea." you like a Dutch uncle," and again the renegade laughed discordantly.

With a mind ill at ease Kate followed | demanded Kate. her father. His manner boded danger. Yet she could not imagine in what shape likely, but still, it might happen so." that danger would come.

On the border of the thicket he paused.

tree—a huge sycamore. his hand the tree-trunk as he spoke.

Kate obeyed the command. "Now, jist wait quiet a moment, till I | saved his life." scout round and see if thar is anybody in

the timber nigh us." Then into the thicket he went. gade that there was no one near. Then | learn to love me; I am sure of it."

he returned to the spot where he had left | "But, you say that you are going to | Examining the position we wished to make walking difficult; but we hoped soon | BEADLE AND COMPANY, 98 Wm. St., N. Y. Kate and took a seat on the tree-trunk by give the girl back to him?" her side.

any danger of any pryin' sucker a-hearin' and bid him prepare to meet you?"

that you are so afraid of being overheard?" | perception of his daughter's plan. asked Kate.

we're going to say." "Well, what is it?"

Kate spoke calmly, yet she had a pre- | rival forever from my path?" sentiment that a storm was about to burst l over her head.

but I guess you understand what I mean | what will Girty say when he discovers | fire to. Round this we camped until it when I tell you to play with your keerds | that the gal is gone?" | was black dark, cooking some of our pro- | Hate. By Mrs. May Agnes Fleming. on the table and not under it," said the "What can he say, or what do I care visions, and, lastly, throwing a number of Won. By Eleanor Lee Edwards.

renegade was clearly one of unbelief. gade. "It's nothing to me if the gal does treated without making the slightest sound, "No. 6—The Wronged Daughter; or, A Wife's Intrigue. By Ned Buntline. get away from him. I shan't worry over until we were congregated together about No. 7—The Midnight Queen. By Mrs. May Agnes

Kate said, quietly.

"Well, you are a cool hand. If I proudly. wasn't certain of my game now, I should "I'll back you ag'in' the whole Shawnee | which seemed suited to our purpose. The By Ned Buntline.

No. 12.—The Maniac Bride; or, The Dead Secret up the wrong tree. But the trail is too evident pride.

clear for me to be throw'd off." "What do you mean?" Neither Kate's cause to regret your confidence."

swered. "In a few days he will be well voice or face showed the least trace of ex-

"Yes."

as cold as ice.

"Oh, my heart sinks within me when I | "So I listened and I heerd a good deal." "What did you hear?"

shall never see Point Pleasant again. How | plied Kendrick, with a grin. "I heerd | can we make our way through the trackless | you tell her'bout the young feller that you wilderness, the home of the wild beast | saved in the ravine. I s'pose he's the one |

"Yes," Kate replied. "Do not fear; to me the wilderness is | "Well, I thought so when you spoke of | like an open book. Not a path between him. And then it struck me what a funny LIFE ON A TROPIC ISLE. here and the Ohio that I do not know as | idea it was for you to be 'tending and fuss-

to me, and if human aid is of avail you "It is strange, isn't it?" said Kate, with a peculiar look. Her father did not notice

> "Well, I thought it was, but then you were always a cranky piece, full of odd | many adventures of an extraordinary nanotions."

> to rescue the girl from her present dangerous | were four together and well armed, so that

"don't I tell you that I heard the whole | ing ourselves. But my alarm and astonishthing as you talked it over?"

"No, unless you've got the milk of hu- | We exchanged rapid glances, and all but "Been in to see the little gal, hey?" he | man kindness so strong in your breast | myself seemed disposed to fire. that it urges you to save the little gal, 'cos

"No, it is not that."

"What then?"

"I love the same man that she does."

"Jerusalem!" cried Kendrick, in wonder. "It is the truth."

Winthrop?"

"Does he care any thing about you?" "How can he, when he is in love with | contemplate.

this girl?" "Yes, that's true."

amazement. "You say that you love the able to take care of themselves. "Now see how good I am at guessing. | feller, and yet you are going to give your | These, however, were after reflections.

father's face, but she found nothing there | gedly. "Anyway I can't make head nor | being shallow and full of stones and to aid her in guessing the meaning of his | tail out of your words. If you love the | bowlders, we at length effected, and found young feller and want him, I should think ourselves on the other side, on the green "Have you any thing else to say to | that giving him the girl that he likes better | sward, under those enormous trees which me?" and Kate made a movement as if to | than he does you, was jist the way not to | had so much excited our admiration and

me off a piece, whar we'll be out of ear- of a left-handed wife out of her. I believe them we could not, while it was very dan-

"Of course there's the chance. It ain't to be open and clear.

"Well, I s'pose that's Gospel truth." Close to where he stood was a fallen exclaimed Kate, earnestly. "But, if she the wildest of the animals of the forest. never returns to the settlement, of course | The stream, a very little below the spot "Sit down, gal," and he indicated with he will never see her again. Then he will which was fordable, became 'deeper and forget her. I have a double claim to his | evidently navigable, which, if it continued gratitude if not to his love. Twice have I to be so toward the sea, would enable us

"But gratitude ain't love."

"Thar, gal, we kin talk here without you openly tell the foe that you are coming when we found that they were quietly fol- When it is considered what wonders I per-

"Well, no; not generally, gal," replied | watching our every movement. "Have you any thing particular to say | the renegade, who began to have a dim |

miration.

"No," said Kate, calmly, "I do not un- "You do not owe Simon Girty many odor for a considerable distance. Then Trials. By Bertha Thorne Bishop.

No. 4-Forced Vows; or, A Revengeful Woman's derstand what you mean." favors, father." each man lay down out of the circle of No. 5—Annie Temple; or, The Bankrupt's Heir-"Oh, you don't," and the tone of the "I don't owe him any," replied the rene- light, and, one by one, we cautiously re- ess. By Rev. J. H. Ingraham.

"Yes, if you wish me to understand," it." a couple of hundred yards below the spot. Fleming.

No. 8—The Rejected Wife; or, The Broken Life. The Rejected Wife; or, The

"I do not think that you would have

think that you are taking her back to the | done. station; then, when you get her into the thicket, you'll settle her for this world?"

over the idea.

"At least I can try. Heaven alone | "Indeed?" Kate's face was as impassi- | "I care nothing for his anger; besides, knows whether the attempt will be suc- ble as the face of a statue, and her voice he will not be apt to suspect that I had a hand in her escape."

> Then the two returned to the village. (To be continued-Commenced in No. 35.)

Gruiser Grusoe:

BY LAFAYETTE LAFOREST.

NUMBER FORTY-FOUR.

DURING my residence on the island, so "Then you know that I have promised to be surprised at nothing. Luckily, we the chances were, whatever the nature of "Yes, of course I do," replied Kendrick; | the danger, we were fully capable of defendment may be conceived, when a whole "Do you know why I wish to save the | troop of lions, as it appeared, stalked suddenly out of the bushes and confronted us.

"Hold!" I said, in a firm, low whisper. she's in a tight place," said the renegade, but such as could be heard at a considerable distance; "it is a male and female with her cubs. If we let them alone they may turn back, but if we attack them they will become furious."

The male, one of the most magnificent creatures I had ever seen, stood on the "You mean this young feller, Harvey | banks of the stream, lashing his sides with his tail, while the lioness kept a little back, playing with her two cubs in a gentle and affectionate way that was very pleasant to

The affection of this animal for its mate and its young is very great. Once the lion "That is the reason that I wish to take | takes to himself a wife, he will never, if | possible, part with her, nor does he, like The renegade looked at Kate in wonder. | some animals are known to do, expel his | "I don't understand," he said, in utter | young from his lair until they are quite

The main object now was to get out of "Oh, how dull you are!" cried Kate, their reach, which, after some hesitation, "Well, I may be," said Kendrick, dog- other side of the stream. This, the river

"What will be the fate of the girl if she | Still the lions did not move, and it now became a serious reflection with us as to "I've got a heap to say to you. Jist foller | "Well, I suppose Girty will make a sort | what was to be done. Return in face of gerous to leave our hoppled animals unde-"But, is there not a chance that she | fended. We held counsel, however, and may escape or be rescued by her friends?" | soon determined to return another way, not crossing the river until the jungle appeared

That the park-like sward, with those "And if she should escape I could never | huge trees, would afford us a most delight-The renegade led the way toward the hope to win the love of Harvey Winthrop." ful post for a village we were satisfied, while it was equally clear that the presence "You may be sure that it is the truth!" of man in any numbers would scare away

to build a vessel here, by means of which we hoped to escape. There was another "No, father; but the space that separates | advantage, too, that the jungle would not | cies which in our position were so likely | the two sentiments is but a slight one. | very much tempt natives to explore this | to befall us Five minutes' search convinced the rene- | Once this girl is out of the way, he will | part of the island, unless, indeed, they | came upon our trail.

occupy, we scarcely noticed our adversaries, to find some way of destroying this, and "When you go upon the war-path do | until a roar drew our attention to them, lowing the opposite bank of the river, formed alone, what had I not a right to ex-

This was very unpleasant, especially as the day was fast failing, and night would "Well, yes," replied Kendrick, after a use. "I would rather a heap sight that "I would rather a heap sight that "TO ADVERTISERS.

TO ADVERTISERS.

TO ADVERTISERS.

Our camp. This caused serious reflections, and there was talk of forcing the passage pareit measurement.

TO ADVERTISERS.

Our camp. This caused in this column at the rate of twenty-five cents per line, non-pareit measurement.

To ADVERTISERS.

Our camp. This caused in this column at the rate of twenty-five cents per line, non-pareit measurement.

To ADVERTISERS.

Our camp. This caused in this post-paid, for 30c. Address, and there was talk of forcing the passage pareit measurement. pause. "I would rather a heap sight that she will consent to be guided by me. By and there was talk of forcing the passage pareil measurement. only two pair of ears should hear what stealth we will leave the Indian village. of the river. But all knew the ferocity of Once within the fastness of the thicket, this animal when in company with its what will prevent me from removing my | young, so we resolved to try stratagem in-

stead of force. Kendrick gazed at his daughter in ad- | A pile of wood was soon collected at a point of the river where it was narrow, The Half-Brother's Snare. "Gal, you don't play keerds of course, | "You're a cute gal, by hookey; but, and as soon as it was dark this was set renegade, significantly. | what he says?" demanded Kate, spiritedly. | bones on the fire, which sent a pungent | No. 3—The Broker's Ward; or, Blanche Ratcliffe's

"I will manage it so carefully that not Not a voice was raised, not a whisper By Margaret Blount.
No. 9—The Uncle's Crime: or, The Doctor's wonder. Her calmness staggered him.

"Well, you are a cool hand. If I proudly.

Beautiful Ward. By Dr. J. H. Robinson.

Beautiful Ward. By Dr. J. H. Robinson.

The Lost Love. Dr. J. H. Robinson.

No. 10—A Dangerous Woman; or, The Lost Love. By Margaret Blount.

Proudly.

Beautiful Ward. By Dr. J. H. Robinson.

No. 10—A Dangerous Woman; or, The Lost Love. By Margaret Blount.

Proudly. length, however, we discovered a place No. 11.—Luona's Oath; or, The Curse Fulfilled. could be only crossed by means of a bridge of some kind. Here we all stood to any address, on receipt of price—15 Cents each. bottles. Address, and Bridge of some kind. Here we all stood FRANK STARR & CO., 41 PLATT STREET, N. Y. 30-1y. DR. D. B. RICHARDS, 228 Varick st., N. Y.

"Then your plan is to make the gal in a group, devising as to what was to be Standard School Series.

The two banks were lined by trees resembling cedars, which leaned over and the earth. But, I little expected, though, "If so be, so good. Well, gal, I've got "Yes," said Kate, coldly; not a tone of bent toward the other side, some of the branches even touching one another.

the more southern parts of America. As I was the youngest of the party, no great objection was made to my making the adventure, though all earnestly requested me to be careful. I promised, and at Girty had little idea that his prey was once selecting a tree which hung very much over the bank, so that to climb was easy, I crawled upward, taking care to keep my eyes fixed skyward, lest I should turn giddy. At length, however, I stopped and peered down, when, to my astonish- are drawn from FRESH sources, and contain some of ment, I found myself exactly above the edge of the opposite bank.

It now became easy to descend. My lasso was stout and long, so that I could pass it over the bough of a tree, and then the two ends touched the ground. The knots, too, were a great assistance, and without communicating with my friends, I determined to make the first trial.

Clutching firmly hold of my double rope, reference to their availability in all school-rooms ture had befallen me, that I was prepared I began to descend, and would in a verfew minutes have reached the ground, scholars of every grade, both male and female. It when I was checked in my career by a

terrible cry from my friends. "Stop where you are—descend not an inch!" they shrieked, and at the same mo-

Then, almost letting go my hold, so sudden was the start they gave me, I looked down, and saw sprawling on the ground the great male lion, which had, despite all our cunning, followed us steadily along the bank. At the same instant I felt that the cedar, the roots, as I have often before remarked, being fastened in a shallow soil, was giving way, and that I was falling in-

to the very jaws of the great beast. I closed my eyes with a fearful cry, and the next minute sunk on the beast's side.

rose to my feet. "What cheer?" said the husky voice of | 8-Hirl, the Hunchback; or, the Swordmaker of

Captain John Thomas. come over."

The cedar had fallen directly across the stream, and made a bridge; somewhat pre- 12-Thayendanegea; or, the War-Eagle of the Mocarious, it is true, but still one which would | 13-The Mysterious Spy; or, the Buccaneer's Daughwith wonder and delight the huge monster we decided on doing by retreating to the him, would have made a meal and a sorry 17-Red Ralph, the Ranger; or, the Brother's Re-

end of me. It was now very late, and my exertions, 19—ries. By Henry W. Herbert.

The Flying Horseman; or, the Robber Prince of combined with my very natural terror, having exhausted me, it was resolved to

Hounslow Heath. By Dr. J. H. Robinson.

The Gold-Guide; or, Steel Arm, The Regulator, By Francis Johnson. camp where we were for the night, though 21-The Death Track; or, The Outlaws of the Mountain. By the Author of the "Gold Guide." not without the necessary precaution of a 22-The Blue Brotherhood; or, The Young Patroon's fire. Besides, my friends were desirous of 23-Alapaha, the Squaw; or, the Renegades of the securing the skin of the animal, which only Border. By Francis Johnson.

24—The Border Bandits; or, the Horse-thief's their excessively good aim could have Trail. By Francis Johnson. destroyed thus quickly. We found after- 25-Assowaum, the Avenger: or, the Destroyer's Doom. By Francis Johnson.

As we were four in company, wood was soon collected in sufficient quantity to sent, Post-P. ID, to any address, on receipt of price make two good blazing fires, between |-FIFTEEN CENTS EACH. which we lay down; very glad to take rest, which, after our journey, we needed

so much. It was late when we rose next day, but still all went to work with a will to skin the lion; and while so doing, came to the decision that, as we had been so fortunate as to have one tree to aid us, we would here make a bridge, and call it the "Pass of the Lions." This was a very good idea, as the spot was one that could be easily defended, or the bridge even destroyed, upon the recurrence of any of those emergen-

Our way was through a wood, beneath which the grass grew in such a way as to _TEN CENTS EACH. making ourselves a clear road to the bridge. pect, now that we were so many?

No. 14, just issued, THE ADOPTED DAUGHTER:

No. 1-The Twin Sisters; or, The Wronged Wife's

BY DR. J. H. ROBINSON.

For sale by all Newsdealers; or sent. POST-PAID,

BEADLE ND COMPANY, PUBLISHERS.

Each volume 100 pages, 12 mo. Sent by mail, postage paid, on receipt of price, Ten Cents each. BEADLE AND COMPANY have now on their lists the following highly desirable and attractive text-books lage."

"Can you save me from the terrible danger that surrounds me?" Virginia asked,

"Surrounds me?" Virginia asked,

"Won't Girty swear when he finds that being one another. I passing back of the wigwam where the little gal has absquatulated and nary signs back of the wigwam where the little gal has absquatulated and nary signs back of the wigwam where the little gal has absquatulated and nary signs back of the wigwam where the little gal has absquatulated and nary signs back of the wigwam where the little gal has absquatulated and nary signs back of the wigwam where the little gal has absquatulated and nary signs back of the wigwam where the little gal has absquatulated and nary signs back of the wigwam where the little gal has absquatulated and nary signs of her left!" and Kendrick chuckled a suspension character, such as is used in of 1870 and 71 as far as now intention of extemporizing a bridge of a suspension character, such as is used in of 1870 and 71 as far as now intention of extemporizing a bridge of a suspension character, such as is used in of 1870 and 71 as far as now intention of extemporizing a bridge of a suspension character, such as is used in of 1870 and 71 as far as now intention of extemporizing a bridge of a suspension character, such as is used in of 1870 and 71 as far as now intention of extentions, for the season of the such as the suspension character is now in the such as the suspension character. In the suspension character is now in the suspension character. In the suspension character is now in the suspension character. In the suspension character is now in the suspension character is now in the suspension character. In the suspension character is now in the suspension character is now in the suspension character. In the suspension character is now in the suspension character is now in the suspension character. In the suspension character is now in the suspension character is of 1870 and '71 as far as now issued embraces twen-

ty-two volumes, viz: SPEAKERS. No. 1-Dime American Speaker. No. 2-Dime National Speaker. No. 3-Dime Patriotic Speaker. No. 4-Dime Comic Speaker.

No. 5-Dime Elocutionist. No. 6-Dime Humorous Speaker. No. 7-Dime Standard Speaker. No. 8-Dime Stump Speaker. No. 9-Dime Juvenile Speaker.

No. 10-Dime Spread-Eagle Speaker. No. 11-Dime Debater and Chairman's Guide. These books are replete with choice pieces for the School-room, the Exhibition, for Homes, etc. They the choicest oratory of the times.

DIALOGUES. Dime Dialogues Number One. Dime Dialogues Number Two. Dime Dialogues Number Three. Dime Dialogues Number Four. Dime Dialogues Number Five. Dime Dialogues Number Six. Dime Dialogues Number Seven. Dime Dialognes Number Eight.

Dime Dialogues Number Nine. Dime School Melodist, (Music and Words.) Dime Melodist. These volumes have been prepared with especial They are adapted to schools with or without a stage. and introduce a range of characters suited to is fair to assume that no volume yet offered to schools, at any price, contains so many available and

useful dialogues and dramas, serious and comic. For sale by all Newsdealers; or sent, post-paid, on receipt of price-Ten Cents each. BEADLE AND COMPANY, PUBLISHERS. 98 William Street, New York.

AMERICAN TALES SERIES.

No. 28, now ready, THE SEA BANDIT; THE QUEEN OF THE ISLE.

BY NED BUNTLINE.

1-Loyal Heart, the Pale-face Hunter. By Gustave 2-The Trail-Hunter; or, Red Cedar, the Prairie Outlaw. By Gustave Aimard.
3—Pirates of the Prairies; or, the Bandit at Bay.
By Gustave Aimard. 4-The Trapper's Daughter; or, the Outlaw's Fate. But he was harmless, so that I was quit 5-Pathaway; or, Nick Whiffles on the Trail. By for my fright, which, naturally enough, 6-Whitelaw; or, Nattie of the Lake Shore. By Dr. was very great. As soon as I was able, I 7-The White Wizard; or, the Prophet of the Sem inoles. By Ned Buntline.

9-The Red Warrior; or, Stella Delorme's Coman-"All well. The lion is dead. You can 10-Quaker Saul, the Idiot Spy; or, Lutiona, the 11-Mountain Max: or, Nick Whiffles on the Border. By Dr. J. H. Robinson.

serve at a pinch; for in a very few minutes | 14-Prairie-Flower; or, the Baffled Chief. By Gur they were again beside me, and viewing tave Aimard.

Redpath; or, the Fair Huntress of the Southwith wonder and delight the huge monster that, but for their three bullets striking that, but for their three bullets striking that, but for their three bullets striking that the formula west. By Dr. J. H. Robinson.

16—Tiger-Slayer; or, Eagle-head to the Rescue. By Gustave Aimard. venge. By Ned Buntline.

18—The Silent Rifleman. A Tale of the Texan Prai-

ward that one ball had pierced his heart, 26-The Texan Spy; or, The Prairie Guide. By when, of course, death was instantaneous. 27-The Red Trail; or, the Creek Chief's Captive. By the author of the "Ocean Queen."

BEADLE AND COMPANY, 98 Wm. St., N. Y.

For sale by all Newsdealers and Booksellers: or

YOUNG PEOPLE'S SERIES. BALL-ROOM COMPANION, and Guide to Dancing, Containing Etiquette of the Ball-room, Ladies' Ball-room Toilettes, Gentlemen's Dress, Special Hints of Conduct, together with explicit directions how to perform the various Round Dances, Quadrilles, and New Figures. Also, bints on Private Parties, Sociables, Masquerades, Promenade Concerts, etc.; forms of Invitations, Refreshments used. Music, Order of Dancing, etc., etc., with a complete Dictionary of French Terms used in

CURLING AND SKATING. Edited by HENRY CHADWICK.—A complete manual for the ice, giving all the laws of the popular game of "Curling, with complete diagrams; also, explicit directions for Skating, with a guide to all the "figures" and movements made on skates, and embracing, also, the laws of the Skaters' Club of New York. It is the most complete book of the kind extant. For sale by all Newsdealers and Booksellers; or sent, POST-PAID, to any address, on receipt of price

BEAUTIFUL PHOTOGRAPH of a Curious Phenomenon in Nature FREE for stamp. CENTRAL BOOK CO., Garretsville, Ohio. 43-2t.

TOKER'S DICTIONARY .- Sent free. Agents Wanted. GEO. MANSON, 37 Park Row, New

POR A WEEK. Local and traveling salesmen. Wanted. Business light and HONORABLE.

No "Gift Enterprise," "Cheap Jewelry," or

"Bogus Money" swindle. Address, inclosing stamp, R. H. WALKER 34 Park Row, N. Y. 43-4t. DR. RICHAU'S GOLDEN REMEDIES. Use these only, and save time, health and money. \$1,000 REWARD for any case of disease in any

stage which they fail to cure. DR. RICHAU'S GOLDEN BAL-SAM, No. 1, cures Ulcers, Ulce-Eyes, Cutaneous Eruptions, Copper-Colored Blotches. Soreness of the Scalp, Scrofula, etc.: it is the Greatest Renovator, Alterative and Blood Purifier known, removes all mercury from the system, and leaves the blood pure and healthy.

DR. RICHAU'S GOLDEN BALSAM, No. 2, cures

DMercurial Affections, Rheumatism in all its forms,
and gives immediate relief in all cases.

Price of either No. 1 or 2, \$5 per bottle, or two D cure for all Urinary Derangements. Price, \$3

Price, \$5 per bottle, or two for \$9. On receipt of price these remedies will be shipped think that, like a green dog, I was barking and to all correup the wrong tree. But the trail is too evident pride.

of Hollow Ash Hall. By Margaret Blount.
No. 13.—The Beautiful Jewess: or, The Young spondents. None genuine without the name of very deep, with steep banks, so that it sailor's Triumph. By Arthur M. Grainger.

of Hollow Ash Hall. By Margaret Blount.
No. 13.—The Beautiful Jewess: or, The Young spondents. None genuine without the name of very deep, with steep banks, so that it sailor's Triumph. By Arthur M. Grainger.

of Hollow Ash Hall. By Margaret Blount.
No. 13.—The Beautiful Jewess: or, The Young spondents. None genuine without the name of very deep, with steep banks, so that it sailor's Triumph. By Arthur M. Grainger. RICHARDS, Sole Proprietor," blown in glass of



THE STREAM.

BY J. G. MANLY, JR.

Blithely, in the morning, Flows the limpid stream, All its waters dancing

Listen, listen, listen To its music sweet; Like the dreamland echo Of some fairy feet.

Lessons it is teaching Of a larger hope, Seaward as it hastens Down the hilly slope.

Trees are bending o'er it, Breezes kiss it soft :-Voices of the bygone Echo from it oft.

From a little fountain See its waters spring; Till a river's echoes Mid the woodlands sing.

So I listen, listen To its music sweet; For its gentle flowing Is as angel feet-

Like the sweetest harpings David's fingers flung, On the angry spirit By its passions stung

As the stream flows onward, We pursue our way, O'er the rocks of ages Swiftly, day from day.

And e'en as it gathers, Ever as it flows; And, with all its burden, To the ocean goes-

So are deeds and actions, In a little thing, Bad or good, they gather Strength to heal or sting.

Snowle.

A STORY OF THE BACK WOODS.

BY CAPT. CHARLES HOWARD.

ABEL DARE was one of the first settlers

of Maine. Young, strong and healthy, he was chosen the leader of as bold a band of settlers as ever made the forest ring with the sound of

On the banks of one of the tributaries of the Penobscot the settlers cleares a spot and began the erection of a town; but Abel left them, penetrated the pine woods, and erected a cabin among the fastnesses and dwelt there

Some of the settlers wondered at this strange proceeding; but to others it did not appear strange, for they knew that Abel Dare's heart affections had been blighted. He had loved Bessie Wray, but had seen her wed the man of her father's choice. Then he left the dwelling-place of civilization and sought, with a heavy heart, the unbroken

By and by Abel's heart healed, and he smiled again—smiled upon a little Indian girl, committed to his care by a dying squaw whom he had found nearly frozen to death

in a forest of snow.

The mother had wrapped her babe in a mantle of furs, and thus its life was pre-Abel Dare took it to his heart and called

it Snowie.

He made periodical visits to the settle-

ment; but left Snowie and a huge mastiff at

the hut. One day he was astonished to hear that Walter Wray and his family were on their way to the settlement. Bessie was with them—a widow! Her wedded life had proved of short duration, and she had thrown aside the somber garments, having mourned for her husband the proper time!

The recluse returned to his hut with many strange thoughts in his mind. He had never ceased to love Bessie, and he wondered if she loved him still. He resolved to see her after her arrival at the settlement, and ascer-

tain her present feelings toward him. She came, and he found her lovelier than when she became Hugh Harold's bride; but not the Bessie of other days. She had grown somewhat haughty, and there was a perceptible pride in her step which he did not like. But, Hugh Harolà had been proud, and she had been his wife. Thus Abel Dare accounted for her altered manner. But he loved her still-the beautiful, childless widow, and he thought that she would entertain his suit, as she had of yore

His cabin was situated not far from the lately revised limits of the rapidly growing settlement. Were it not for Bessie Harold he would have moved further into the solitude of the forest.

One day, while rambling through the wood with his little protege, Abel came suddenly upon Bessie. She started at sight of him and glanced at the Indian. "Abel, what does this mean?" she asked,

pointing at Snowie. He answered her by relating his protege's

She listened very attentively, and, at the conclusion of the narrative, he poured words of love into her ears, and asked her to become

Bessie Harold loved Abel Dare; but Snowie stood between them. She could not bear the thought of becoming his wife, and hearing him call the Indian 'daughter,' as

"Abel," she answered him, glancing con-temptuously at the Indian, "I can not be-come your wife while your roof shelters

her."

Abel Dare was thunderstruck, and several moments waned before he replied.

"Bessie, would you want me to turn from my door the hule child who brought gladness to my heat in the cheerless hours of my lonely existence?" he said, touching Snowie's long dark hir.

"Abel," she answerd, haughtily, "you have heard my decision. I will not alter it."

He did not speak, but motioned her away. Slowly she turned toward he settlement.

Slowly she turned toward to settlement. Gladly would she become his wife; but would not yield a jot. If he could not give up an Indian girl for her, she thought, he did not love her—his words were lies. Abel Dare revolved the situation in his mind, as Bessie turned away. He loved her, and he loved Snowie, too. Which one her, and he loved Snowie, too. Which one would he surrender? He thought how dreary life would be without Bessie Harold's love. He could live without the Indian;

but not without Bessie. He could take Snowie to her people, where she would be happy as with him.

In less time than it has taken our pen to

record the last sentence, he consulted his heart and decided. "Come back, Bessie," he cried, stretching

forth his hands imploringly. "Come back; Snowie shall return to her people." Bessie Harold, surprised at her triumph, turned, and was folded to his heart.

After a while they separated, and Abel Dare and his protege returned to the hut. He had decided that, within the coming fortnight, Snowie should join her people. One evening Abel Dare sat before his fire, cooking a squirrel for himself and Snowie. His little protege was rambling somewhere in the wood. On the morrow she would

leave him forever.
Suddenly a footstep assailed his ears, and, turning, he beheld Snowie standing before

him, pale with alarm.
"Child," he cried, springing toward her,
"what is the matter? You have seen something that has frightened you."

The Indian's teeth chattered as though the ague had taken possession of her delicate frame, and it was some moments before

"Yes," she answered, "Snowie has been scared."

"At what, child?"
"A panther is going to spring upon a woman with a white skin."

"Where is she, Snowie?" cried Abel, seizing his rifle. The Indian did not reply, but darted from the hut, closely followed by the settler.

She led him in the race, until suddenly she paused, and pointed to a scene which

sent the red current of life in an icy stream to Abel Dare's heart.

Shadows had gathered in the wood; but the settler could discern the features of the woman who, kneeling upon the cold ground, with clasped hands, awaited her doom at the jaws of a huge panther. The ferocious king of the American forests crouched upon the lower limbs of a bushy pine, and was preparing tn spring upon his victim! It was Bessie Harold!

The sight of her perilous situation nerved Abel Dare's arm, and his rifle flew to his shoulder. The light was unfavorable to his design; but he took as fair an aim as he could and fired.

lad," said Rube, speaking to the young hunter. "But yer eye— Whar the h— did you l'arn ter throw a tommyhawk like that, ennyhow?"

"The boyee ar' been 'long with me fur more'n six months, Rube," said old Grizzly

"He ar', eh? Well, thet 'counts fur it," was the ranger's reply. "I knows how you handles 'em." "The lad er perty smart at throwin' e'en-

most enny thing," continued Grizzly, "frum a tommyhawk to a mad buffler bull."

"Hold up, uncle Adams!" exclaimed the young hunter. "I think they've had about enough of me for a while."

"Not by a durn sight, youngstar," onickly

"Not by a durn sight, youngster," quickly spoke Old Rube. "Go on, Grizzly; how wur it 'bout ther buffler?" The young man saw that the story was bound to be told, and hastily snatching up his rifle, he walked slowly off toward the open where the fight had taken place.

"Squeamish," said Rube, nodding his head

head. "Jess so," answered the old scout. "Never don't like ter kear hisself bragged on. But 'bout thet buffler bull. It wur a durn sight wuss'n fightin' Injuns, an' I thort when I see But less begin at ther fust eend

o' the yarn. "Me an' Bruin-I'll tell ye arter a while why I calls the boyee so—wur out on our own hook up on the Pecos, north o' Horsehead crossin', an' wur havin' u monstrous

streak o' luck.
"But the Comanch' wur bad, powerful bad, an' onc't er twic't me an' the lad hed about all we could do ter keep the ha'r on

our skulps. "Thar's whar the boyee l'arned his fust

lessons, es he called 'em, an' I tell you, Rube, he wur mighty apt at l'arnen 'em."
"I b'leere you," said Rube.
"Yes, he tuck to it jess es nat'ral es a b'ar doose to a bee tree, an' the way he'd handle thet big rifle o' his'n wur a caution ter black snake

"Well, 'bout the buffler. "One evenin' es I wur comin' in from the hills, I kim across the trail uv jess the biggest kind uv a b'ar. It wur makin' fur high ground, an' I know'd about whar the var-mint could be found next mornin'.

the b'ar, an' it sot him all uv a mugger ter be off arter it. With a terribly lacerated shoulder, the beast sprung from the limb and fell upon trail whar I hed see'd it the day afore, an'

"When the lad kim in I tole him bout

wall like grim death, an' lookin' like the devil hisself. "I see the brute wur mad. His eyes wur es red es blood, an' the lather wur hangin' in great gobs 'bout his mouth an' on his

'Bruin hed see'd the thing a minit afore I did, an' I see him try ter throw his rifle forrard ter shoot; but 'twurn't no use. He couldn't hardly hold on hisself, an' ye recollec' thet he hed his right side ag'in' the clift, an' the wu'st uy it all wur, thet he stood in the stood

an' the wust uv it all wur, thet he stood right plum atween me an' the bull.

"I tell yur, boyees, I wur scart, an' it ain't no use a sayin' thet I wurn't.

"I know'd the bull wouldn't turn back even ef he could 'a' done it, which he couldn't, an' I see thet ef Bruin started ter retreat, the cussed thing would make at him, 'sides which, 'twur dangerous fur the lad ter turn 'round. lad ter turn 'round.

"I jess wilted an' give the boyee up fur a goner, an' my old legs got so cussed shaky thet I couldn't hardly stand. "But Bruin didn't hev no idee uv goin' under, nor over neither, 'thout a tussle fur

"He re'ched the rifle ahind him an' leant her ag'in' the rock, an' drawin' his six-shooter with his left hand, an' holdin' on to a crack in the rock with t'other, he let the bull hev

it atween the eyes afore it know'd what war "But what's ther use uv shootin' at a buffler bull's head. Yer mout es well try

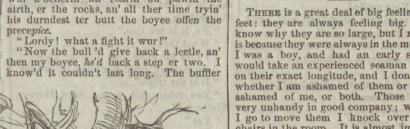
ter stick a bullet into a stone wall.

"Es the pistol cracked the brute fetched a roar thet, I'll sw'ar, shook ther hull nounting, an' crawled fo'ward, head down,

at the boy.
"Twic't more I heard the weepin crack, an' then the thing wur onto him.
"I shet my eyes-I couldn't help it, yer see-an' when I opened 'em, I like to

dropped in my tracks.

"Thar stood the boyee, both hands holt uv ther bull's horns, his left foot planted ahind fur a brace, an' his broad shoulders aswellin' an' twistin' es he hilt the bull back. He never whimpered nor hollered fur help. No, siree! not a word! but ther brute, it wur a-bellerin' an' roarin' an' pawin' the airth, er the rocks, an' all ther time tryin' his durndest ter butt the boyee offen the



the law. But, I am very much attached to them—as they also are to me. I am well feted wherever I go. When I was young I

Bring your neighbors if necessary.

Never let the family know you are com-

Load your wagon with provisions and sell

Talk about your cellars full of good things, and the number of fat hogs you have to kill, and they will think of a few they

Eat hearty, which is the main thing. Drink nothing but milk—they can buy that of any handy milkman, and complain about

-you know they never can get out that way-and tell them you can't possibly come

in again for a week. Observe these rules rigidly when you come to visit my neighbors, but when you visit me act to the contrary notwithstanding.

I would hardly get paid by the column to tell what I know about horses, for I don't snow anything about them, good or bad. If trying to take a saddle off by slipping it over a horse's head, or taking the harness off by loosening every buckle, is science, then I am science. Once I was in the country putting on a good deal of city style. The young ladies were about to take a horse-back ride, and I led one of their horses up o the block with a side-saddle on (the horse I mean), but I couldn't get him within three feet of the block. I begged and coaxed and slapt him, but he wouldn't budge; after a good deal of laughing all around, my country rival, who was there, told me if I'd turn the horse right about he would go up, and the stirrup would have the satisfaction of being on the right side, thereby saving the

PEOPLE desirous of committing suicide are requested after this date to see that they make a complete job of it. It is appalling to think of the numbers that fail in the attempt. Don't go to taking half a dose, or too much; take just enough, and don't for mercy sake let anybody see you take it, nor tell any one immediately after; this is getting too old. If you conclude to jump off a bridge, don't do so in the presence of a crowd, for there is always some one fool enough to jump in after you and bring you out, to the great dissatisfaction of the coroner—and your friends. If they should go after you in a skiff, don't hold on to it with one hand and try to push it off with the

got up in a tantrum, ran against time, fell short of his intentions, ruined his name, surmounted his difficulty and rode to the d-ogs.

BEAT TIME.



Bessie, who sunk to the earth beneath his A cry of horror parted Abel Dare's lips, as, with drawn hunting-knife, he darted for-

He seized the maddened beast, whose great, strong jaws had parted to close on Bessie's throat, and plunged the knife into his side. Again and again the blade cleft hide and flesh until the panther expired. Then he raised Bessie, and imprinted a

shower of kisses upon her beauteous face.
"Abel," she said, shuddering at her narrow escape, "who told you of my terrible situa-

'This child, God bless her!" she answered, catching Snowie up in his arms and kissing her. That moment Bessie Harold banished her oride, and the next the Indian's head was

oillowed on her bosom.

'Abel, we will love the little dove," she Yes, Bessie." "She shall never, never leave us," and

Bessie kissed the child again.
When Abel Dare married his old love, he took up his residence at the settlement, and there Snowie grew to beautiful womanhood, and, marrying a youthful settler, became the mother of children, whose descendants, at this day, comprise the truest hearts of Maine.

Camp-Fire Yarns.

Bruin" Adams' Fight on the Cliff.

BY RALPH RINGWOOD.

THE Pawnees, completely demoralized by that tremendous charge of "Bruin" Adams, and the death of their chief, had broken in wild disorder and fled over the low range of

hills that lay to the southward. Our wounded had been looked to, and we were soon assembled around the fire, hastily preparing a meal, and talking over the events of the conflict just ceased Bruin Adams was evidently the hero of

day, and justly so. Mountain men and rangers are not much given to "demonstration," but on this occasion the admiration expressed by all hands, and old Rube in particular, for the young fellow's gallantry and skill, was open and hearty.

"The chief like to 'a' been too quick fur ye,

didn't hey no deffekilty in leftin' it es fast es , wur the toughest, an' would outlast enny we could walk, and thet warn't slow, yer You know the kentry up 'bout Horsehead

Rube, an' ye knows it a rough one es yer kin strike this side uv the Rockeys. Cliffts an' precepices till ye can't rest, an' the durndest canyins, sum uv 'em ain't no bottom at Well, right into the wust place uv the

hull range the b'ar-trail led us, an' arter a while I got tired uv wastin' time an' purposed ter give it up.

"The boyee would listen to no sich move-

ment, an' jess pushed ahead harder 'n By-'m-by we treed the brute, and I'll tell

"Frum a kinder gully atween two uv the hills, thar runs up the right hand clift a nar-rer trail, not more'n two foot wide ter begin with an' a heap narrerer afore it stopped 'Fur su'thin like a bunderd yards, er

mebby more, the trail wur purty fa'r, but arter thet it suddently struck squar off an run along the foot uv a big rock, winding around ontil 'twur lost behind a corner uv the clift. On the right hand wur the wall uv rock, an' on the left wur the precipice, two hunderd feet deep ef it wur a inch At this p'int the trail wur, mebby, two foot and a half wide, mebby a leetle more. 'Twur around this place whar the b'ar

hed gone. "I see in a minit thet it wur dangerous tacklin' the brute in sech a place, fur, ye see, he mout turn an' make fight, an' then the jig would be up uv a sartinty.
"But, lordy! Afore I could open my mouth the boyee wur half-way up, hollerin'

fur me to kim on. 'Twurn't no use talkin', an' so I put arter him, holdin' my rifle handy, fur I expected

'The lad hed re'ched the p'int whar the trail broke off around the clift, an' 'thout lookin' back, he shifted his rifle, an' started

ter see the b'ar charge 'round the corner

It wur a tick'lish thing, boyees, I tell yer, but he never halted ontil he hed got most to the p'int whar the path turned ag'in, this time goin' out uv sight behind the rock whar it poked out.

"I wur jess goin' ter foller, when all uv a suddent I heard the dod-durndest roar, er beller more like, thet ever I heard in my life an' afore I could hardly think what the thing wur as made it, fur I know'd 'twurn't the b'ar, I see a great, big bushy head poke 'round the corner, an' the thing fetched another one uv its cussed sounds, an' out crep' a whoppin buffler-bull, huggin' the man thet ever lo'ded a rifle, an' so I wur purpared fur the wu'st. Purty soon I heard the bull fetch an-

uther roar. I see a quick, sharp tussle: the boyee bent back till I thort he wur done fur, an' then, with a yell, wuss'n a dozen Comanch', he straightened up, give the brute a awful twist, an' the next minit I see the great beast flop over, scramble a second, an' then out he went, heels over head, into empty atmospheric. In fa'r an' squar' stand up fight the lad

hed throw'd the buffler offen the cliff." "Hooray!" shouted half a dozen of the "Yes, an' I says, Hooray, too!" yelled old

"By the everlastin' catamount, 'twu bully! an' I'm bound ter hev a turn with thet boyee 'mong the red-skins, er my name ain't Rube Harkins." An' so ye shall, Rube," said Grizzly Adams.

RANDOM NOTES.

What a blessing it would be to close smokers if somebody would invent some way to draw out short cigar stumps. I know one fellow who holds on so tightly to the stump of a cigar that a dentist couldn't draw it out with a pair of pinchers.

not prompt boarder at the table, "your coffee is not settled at all." "I am very sorry," said the landlord, "but it takes after your bill." A PARAGRAPH in a country paper ran, "he

"LANDLORD," said a very particular but

fell into a stupot and gradually sank." The word was afterwards altered, in the apology, WHEN Absalom's hair caught in the boughs he thought so much of it that he

nung to it to the last. THE anatomy of man is composed of many atoms.

THE man that always found fault has started a foundry. __ A MOTHER-IN-LAW is like a disease for

A ser of poor printers have started an order which is called the Pica-unity.

JOE KING.

DOZING.

BY JOE JOT. IS. Not quite asleep nor half awake

What wondrous things I see?

There comes a bombshell through the air Straight downward unto me! I try to run, but oh, I can't, As you may well suppose; It bursts, and takes my head clear on, As here I lie and doze.

Now, I go climbing for a nest With heart quite light and free; There now! my feet have slipt, and 1 Go tumbling from the tree!

And with a shock that shakes the easts I light-upon my nose You see I have a pleasant time

Now, on a platform tall I stand. And cast a frightened eye To that rope in the sheriff's hand Which he will hang me by. Now I seem going into church With tattered hat and clothes; Now, feet first, through the air I fly,

As here I lie and doze.

As here I lie and doze.

There now, hobgoblins reach for me! And little imps annoy! And now, beneath the master's rod I'm an in-struck-ted boy. There, whrliing through the air again, Before a storm that blows, I seem just like a curtailed kite,

As here I lie and doze. Now, here I've fallen through the ico-Would that would be my end !-Now some one's asking me if I Have fifty cents to lend. But oh, the worst that can befall! I see the girl I chose Wedding a man that is not me, As here I lie and doze.

Beat Time's Notes.

THERE is a great deal of big feeling in my feet: they are always feeling big. I don't know why they are so large, but I reckon it is because they were always in the mud when I was a boy, and had an early start. It would take an experienced seaman to reckon their exact longitude, and I don't know whether I am ashamed of them or they are whether I am ashamed of them or they are ashamed of me, or both. Those feet are very unhandy in good company; whenever I go to move them I knock over all the chairs in the room. It is almost impossible for me to go down Broadway with any degree of comfort to other people, for I am continually barking their shins. The authorities have issued an injunction against these feet because I am always trampling on could have been married a dozen times, but these feet always stood between us. The girls always could tell my footsteps, and the sound in no wise suggested the coming of some impalpable body. They have frequently been taken for trucks, and persons have often got up on them to ride, but invariably fell off and injured themselves. When I die I'll cut them off with a shilling.

PEOPLE from the country visiting friends in town should observe the following rules:

Never come without you can muster a

ing. It is not necessary, for you know they are very handy to the markets, and can buy every thing on short notice.

it all at the groceries before you go to the house. If you have a spare pound of bad butter, or a dozen of eggs, let the family have them at as much over the regular price as you can afford: then sit down and eat them up gratefully.

would like to kill.

the thinness of the cream When you leave, invite them to visit you

The above rules are to all whom it may concern anybody.

young lady from climbing entirely over the horse. It is needless to say that I didn't marry in the country.

THE man that sat down on an occasion,

other: this is played out too.